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WHEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

When the days which now are dying,
And the moments which are flying, [their care,
Shall have ceased for us forever, with their joyance and
Will the early friends who love us
Come to shed their tears above us, [bear?
In the hours which still remain to them to suffer and to

It is sad that hearts which treasure
Earth's affection now must measure
As a little span their living, as a certainty their death;
But 'tis harder, those we cherish,
As we fade away and perish, [breath.
May forever cease to love us, with the passing of the

For the bond of earth's affection,
And the fondest recollection, [alone.
With the passage of the years may pass and leave the dead
Only love which is eternal,
Only joys which are supernal, [atone.
Can give back the lost affection, for the vanished days

"All the dead *are* dead," the stoic
With philosophy heroic [year,"
Whispers: "And they cease forever, like the ceasing of a
To thy blackest depths, Avernus,
It were better far to turn us,
Than to listen to the teaching thus imparted with a sneer.

For there are no dead or dying,
Though the voice of Rachel, crying, [forted.
Is still mourning for her children, and will not be com-
And beyond death's gloomy portal
Life *is* life, and is immortal; [with the dead.
They who sleep and have departed are not numbered

On fond recollection's bosom,
Safely folded, lies the blossom
Of a human love undying, and which fadeth not away;
And the memory shall cherish,
Never more to fade or perish, [decay.
All the lives that touch our own lives, safe from ruin or

So forget the dead, for never
Can the living die forever [an hour—
Shall the life once given last us, though it breathe but for
Though the roots of life earth holdeth,
Only *there*, above, unfoldeth [flower,
From the half-developed blossom, at the last, the perfect

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed by two mighty tribes—the Bores and Bored.
BYRON.

Lillian, though perfectly happy and contented in her life at Rivershall, spent in the companionship of her beloved father, was fond of society, and looked forward to the visit to the Towers with anticipations of pleasure. All pupils, whatever their age, like holidays; and one would think that Miss Melville would rejoice and be glad in her season of liberty and freedom from Italian exercises and the severe, unbending schooling at the piano; but, strange to say, on the very first evening the heiress of Rivershall caught herself thinking of Mr. Clifford, and wondering in an absent, half-unconscious way, what he was doing at that moment. This, notwithstanding Lady Harcourt was seated beside her, and pressing her with ptarmigan, and Mr. Besant's bluff voice was ringing across the table in true foxhunting style. Only a few of the visitors had arrived, but all had paid court to Sir Ralph Melville and his beautiful daughter and heiress, Lillian. Many girls as unused to flattery and the emphatic attention as Lillian was would have been bewildered and dazzled by them; but Lily was a woman of sense as well as beauty, and Sir Ralph saw with no little pride that the Melville self-possession had proclaimed itself in her, and that, let Lord Harcourt murmur what he would in the softest and low est of cadences, Mr. Besant show straightforward admiration, and the rest of the group mutter audible panegyrics on her beauty and grace, Lillian was equal to it all, and received all the weapons of fashionable warfare upon her shield of modesty and composure unhurt.

Dinner was over, at least for the ladies, and Lady Besant rose.

The ladies' drawing-room was an elaborately furnished apartment, replete with costly knickknacks and luxuries of every description. Here, reclining upon the velvet-covered lounges, the ladies, young and old, talked scandal, and, much to Lillian's surprise, discussed the gentlemen.

"Do you think Lord Harcourt handsome, Miss Melville?" asked Miss Barbara Dalton, a beauty whose fortune consisted of her face, and who, therefore, was rather long in entering the matrimonial maze.

Lillian hesitated with a smile.

"I—really never thought about it," she id.

"Well, yes, I suppose he is."

Miss Dalton was astonished.

"Suppose!" she repeated. "Why, Lord Harcourt is considered one of the best-looking and thoroughtoned men in town. Don't you admire his eye?"

"Yes," said Lillian, ashamed to confess that she had not noticed them. "Brown, are they not ?"

"No, blue," said Miss Dalton. "That's why they are so peculiar; he is very dark, and has blue eyes. "Oh, he is a most extraordinary character, really !"

"Indeed?" said Lillian interrogatively.

"Yes. He never laughs," continued Miss Dalton, who seemed to have studied his lordship rather closely; "and, for the matter of that, he never shows any emotion whatever. If one were to tell him that his brother—only he hasn't one, you know—had dropped down dead in the street, he would only raise his eyebrows."

Lillian did not look quite so struck with admiration as she should have done, and the communicative young lady ran on:

"My brother Fred, 'he fair young gentleman who sat on your left, tells a story about him that is really characteristic. He quarreled with a son of the Duke of Rattletrap, and a duel was fought—over on the Calais sands it was—and Fred was a second. Lord Harcourt is a dead shot, and Fred says that the poor Marquis never stood a chance. Lord Harcourt shot him through the heart at the first shot, and, when the poor Marquis had fallen, simply glanced at his pistol and said: 'This revolver wants cleaning !' Isn't it dreadful ?"

Lillian looked shocked.

"He must be a very hard-hearted man," she said gravely.

"Oh, I don't know," put in another lady—Miss Florence—"not worse than the rest of them, my dear. Men have no hearts, I assure you."

"Indeed?" said Lillian, and,for the life of her she could not help thinking of the morning she had found Mr. Clifford before the portrait of Lady Anne in the gallery.

"Oh, no," said Miss Arnot, smoothing the lace on her bosom with a soft, dainty hand, "they haven't, really. The only thing they care for is their dinner. I'm sure Major Charlton never said a word to me until the game had been removed, and then he remarked with deep earnestness: 'Yes,' that was a nice young bird, Miss Arnot. I'm sorry you did not try it.'"

The ladies laughed, Lillian joining in.

"And what did you say ?" she asked.

"Why, I told him I was glad, because there would not have been much of it for him."

"And what did he say to that ?" said Miss Dalton. "Got confused, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," replied the young lady. "Took it quite seriously, and said: 'Oh, there was plenty for both of us, I assure you.'"

"Here's coffee, my dears," said Lady Besant when the laugh had subsided. "You had better, all of you, have a cup before the gentlemen come up."

"Mr. Ashley comes to-morrow, does he not, Lady Besant ?" asked Miss Dalton, sipping her coffee.

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Besant—"that is, if he keeps his promise."

"Which he is almost sure not to do," retorted Miss Arnot.

Then, turning to Lillian, she added:

"There is another character for you, Miss Melville."

"What, is he as hard-hearted as Lord Harcourt ?" asked Lillian with a smile.

"Well, no, not quite," said Miss Dalton, answering for her friends. "He used to be one of the pleasantest and most agreeable of men, but he has changed very much. About three years ago he suffered a disappointment of some kind, and it quite altered him."

"A disappointment ?" said Lily, wondering how Miss Dalton acquired her information about everybody.

"Yes, an affair of the heart," said Miss Dalton soutingly. "Disappointed in love, you know, my dear."

Lily smiled naively.

"I thought," she said, "that men had no hearts."

"Well, some of them," said Miss Dalton—"or, at least, they flatter themselves that they have. Yes, he was disappointed; loved the wrong Lady. I could mention her name, but I must not, eh, dear Lady Besant?"

"Eh, my dear?" said her ladyship, rousing from a gentle nap.

"He left England suddenly, and traveled about Africa, trying to get the yellow-fever, they said; but that's ridiculous, of course. Anyway, he didn't come back for three years, and looks quite another man—yellow and haggard as can be."

Lillian looked rather interested.

"And he is coming to-morrow ?" she asked.

"Yes—that is, he has promised, Lady Besant says, but Claude Ainsley seldom remembers or keeps a promise. You will like him if he opens his mouth. He can talk better than Lord Harcourt if he likes, and that is saying something."

At that moment the gentlemen entered, and there was a distribution of the tea and coffee cups.

Lord Harcourt settled himself in a comfortable chair, and resigned himself to a half-doze. Mr. Besant and Mr. Dalton resumed their fox-hunting, and Sir Ralph took a seat beside Lady Besant.

"There, what did I say ?" whispered Miss Dalton in Lillian's ear. "The only thing they care for is dinner, and when that is over they go to sleep."

Miss Lucas had been sitting in a quiet nook at the back, embroidering, as usual. She had the faculty of invisibility, it would seem, for no one had taken any notice of her; and she could manage to keep so quiet and lifeless, that conversation went on regardless of her presence. Many persons had thought her to be deaf. Few, after glancing at her expressionless, almost lifeless features, took her into consideration.

Suddenly Lord Harcourt rose languidly, and asked the ladies if they would give him a little music.

Lady Besant echoed his request, and Miss Dalton was escorted to the piano. Lady Besant then asked for a song, and, looking round in her aimless, insipid way, pitched upon Lillian.

"Miss Melville, I hear you are a skilled musician, for I have heard Harry speak of your singing in the most ardent terms. Pray, give us something."

Lillian was not timid, but she would gladly have escaped. Mr. Besant, however, had started from his conversation at the sound of her name, and now plunged forward, to the imminent danger of the dainty tables and chairs, to offer her his arm.

"Come, Miss Melville, no backing out, you know; you won't refuse at a fence," and, laughing at the delicate comparison of his lady-love to a hunter, he took her to the instrument.

Lillian looked round for her music, and Miss Lucas, in a silent, noiseless way, brought it for her.

"What shall I sing, Kate ?" she whispered.

"What you like, my dear," said Miss Lucas, and retreated to her corner.

Lillian turned over the music, and chose the song which Mr. Clifford had perfected for her. She sang it very well, and gave effect to the parts he had pointed out. Sir Ralph, who always softened at the first note of her voice, sat smiling proudly.

"It is my favorite song," he said to Lady Besant.

"She sings very beautifully," sighed Lady Besant. "I never hear anyone sing but I think of the dear Alderman; he worshiped music."

"That's a pretty song and well sung," said Lord Harcourt in his composed, slow tones. "May we trespass upon your goodness for another, Miss Melville ?"

Lillian hesitated; but, the request being repeated, she took up the ballad which Mr. Clifford had sung, and, without thinking, commenced it.

Mr. Besant, who had stood beating time with his large hand upon a statuette, stopped suddenly and looked thoughtful.

"Hang me," he muttered, "if that isn't the song that tutor-fellow sang. What next, I wonder ?" and he frowned heavily.

Lilian rose, and Miss Arnot was pressed to take her place. Mr. Besant was still frowning. Suddenly he came across the room and dropped into a seat beside Lillian.

"I say," he said abruptly, "what have you done with the tutor-fellow ?"

Strange to say, Miss Melville was at that very moment wondering in an aimless way what the "tutor-fellow" was doing with himself, and the sharp question put so suddenly made her blush. She could not have helped the heightened color though she had been twice as much annoyed at it; blush she did, and, what is more, looked rather confused as she replied:

"Mr. Clifford, do you mean ? I have done nothing with him. Papa gave him a holiday, and he has gone—really I don't know where."

"Hem !" said Mr. Besant, muttering to himself; "what the deuce does she want to hang the flag out for when I mentioned his name ? Oh, gone for a holiday, eh ? He can fence, though, can he not ?"

"I—really I don't know," said Lilian with a faint smile. "I suppose he can, as he managed to beat you."

"Yes, he did," admitted Mr. Besant; "but he can't do it again. I was taken by surprise. He's a close, artful fellow, don't you think ?"

Lillian's color rose again, and she felt indignant. Mr. Clifford close, artful ! He who seemed the very model of all that was earnest, noble and dignified ! She remained silent; perhaps she could not trust herself to speak.

"Do you know," continued Mr. Besant, speaking in a confidential tone, and nodding his head for emphasis—"do you know I don't like Mr. Clifford ? He knows too much for me. His color is too dark, he's too quiet, and I don't trust a quiet one any farther than I can see him."

Lillian rose,on the pretext of speaking to Miss Lucas.

"You might indulge Mr. Clifford, I think, Mr. Besant," she said quietly, very quietly.

Mr. Besant looked after her with gloomy yet rather cunning attention.

"Oh, no, my lady," he muttered; "I shall have to put a spoke in Mr. Tutor-fellow's wheel, I think," and he relapsed over at Sir Ralph meditatively.

Long after the other folks had gone to rest, Miss Lucas sat writing, and in the next room Miss Melville sat thinking. Lillian had expected a great deal of pleasure from this first day; but, although she had been amused and pleased at the new faces and characters, to-night she felt an inward feeling of disquietude, dissatisfaction and unrest. She threw a light shawl around her, flung back her hair, which her maid had left falling about her shoulders, and leaned against the open window.

It was a beautiful night, the stars shining more brilliantly than the jewels on her dressing-table, and seemingly almost as near. The soft breeze rustling amongst the branches that waved duskily about the window played upon her brow and soothed her. She sighed, gazed dreamily at the brightest and nearest heaven-jewel, and sighed again.

"Why, what is the matter with me ?" she murmured, suddenly conscious of her sighs and at a loss to find the cause of them. "I am not unhappy. Papa is well, and yet —— What a beautiful night ! I should like to be out in it, walking by the side of the river or through the avenue. I wonder"—then there came a pause—"I wonder whether Mr. Clifford is walking about in it. Most likely. He would not go to bed while it was so beautiful. I can picture him tramping over some common or up some lane, stick in hand, and perhaps his knapsack upon his back, but surely looking up at the stars with his grave, thoughtful face. What a face it is ! One of them said Lord Harcourt was considered a handsome man. Mr. Clifford's face is handsomer than his; it is noble, and Lord Harcourt's is not. I wonder what has made him so grave and quiet. Poverty, perhaps—sorrow of some sort. He does not look as if mere poverty, however grinding and heart-wearing, would break his spirit. I wonder—yes, I am curious, curious only, and I confess it, to know something of the early life—before he came, who he is, and what has made him what he is."

Here, perhaps, the beautiful heiress of Rivershall recollected that it was scarcely wise to occupy her last waking moments in speculations as to the antecedents and character of her tutor; for, with a blush that heightened her beauty bewitchingly, she murmured:

"What makes me think of him ? I cannot get him out of my thoughts or my mind to-night; it is all Mr. Besant's fault. But he was unjust, cruelly unjust. If I could answer for nothing else in the world, I could stake my life that Mr. Clifford is neither deepicable nor artful. No; when he has gone, left Rivershall, I shall be able to say always that I knew one good and true man."

She was sad again now, very sad, and asked herself the reason why once more. Perhaps, if she had compelled her heart to answer her, it might have whispered :

"You are sad because you thought of him as departed and gone."

CHAPTER XXIV.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.—BYRON.

Mr. Claude Ainsley kept his promise and arrived the next day. He was altered, aged considerably, and had lost that hopeful, careless smile that had once rendered his good-looking face so ingenuous and refreshing. He had exchanged his rose-tinted spectacles for green ones, and the world did not improve to his vision.

"I have just come from Cairo," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Besant, "and, am sorry to say, should have forgotten your mother's kind invitation, which, by the way, is a twelvemonth old, had not Lord Harcourt reminded me of it."

"Just come from Cairo !" repeated Miss Dalton with an openly expressed admiration. "Dear me, what a traveler you are, Mr. Ainsley ! Why, where had you been when I saw you last ?"

"The Alps," said Mr. Ainsley. "Yes, I think it was the Alps."

"And do you like Egypt ?" asked Miss Arnot. "What are Cairo and Alexandria like ?"

"Two squalid dirty Londons, with a gingerbread raree-show," said Mr. Ainsley, smiling curtly.

"Here is a new friend for you," said Lady Besant as Lillian entered.

"I think you will like her," said Lord Harcourt in a low voice. "She is after your style, Claude—thoughtful and spiritualle."

"My dear," said Lady Besant, "let me introduce to you Mr. Ainsley; he is a very great friend of Harry's, and a great traveler. Mr. Ainsley, Miss Melville, Sir Ralph Melville's only daughter."

Claude Ainsley regarded the beautiful face with strange earnestness; and as he bowed over the small, white hand he muttered with a darkened brow:

"No likeness but in name."

Lillian had heard enough of Mr. Ainsley to feel curious, and she looked rather critically at his tanned, haggard face, with its sad, distrustful eyes.

"I have just made Sir Ralph's acquaintance," said Mr. Ainsley, seating himself by Lillian. "I know something of Rivershall, have sketched it long years ago; it is a beautiful place."

Lillian said:

"Yes ? You have not seen it for some time ?"

"No, for ten years," he replied. "I have been away from England entirely these last three," and he sighed.

"You are fond of traveling ?" asked Lillian.

"Yes," he replied without any token of delight. "It kills time."

"It kills time !" repeated Lillian. "How strange ! I find that it flies too fast for me."

He looked at her with quiet regard.

"You are young," he said with a singular smile, "and have only seen the best side of the world, and I——"

He paused, and Lillian ventured to say:

"You are not very old, at least."

"LILY MELVILLE."—Sir Ralph looked up, and the paper dropped from his hand. Before him, as beautiful and youthful as ever, stood Lady Melville. Her face grew as pale as his, for a moment; but the next she seemed to have decided upon a course of action.

"No," he said quietly; "not very, yet I have a great many gray hairs hidden away, and I have seen the worst of the world."

Lillian looked grave.

"That is very sad," she said pityingly. She was always ready to answer from her loving, gentle heart sweet words of comfort. "But there is always a silver lining—a calm after a storm—and the good seems all the better for the preceding bad."

Claude Ainsley stared. Was this young lady with the sweet face and the musical voice, pitched in a soft, pitying tone, mocking him ? No; oh, no ! She was murmuring her philosophy from the bottom of her heart, and the world-worn gentleman felt interested.

"Through all the many weary miles I have trampled," he said with a smile, "I have never heard so good a homily. From what source did you obtain such peerless wisdom, Miss Melville ?"

Lillian reflected. She remembered, as he asked the question, that she had but repeated some axioms which Mr. Clifford let fall during one of her lessons.

"Oh, I do not remember," she said confusedly. "I must have read them somewhere. Pray, forgive me if I have said anything absurd."

"On the contrary, it is solid, common-sense truth," he said; and, feeling that she was embarrassed, he, with infinite tact, changed the subject. "Have all Lady Besant's visitors arrived ?" he asked. "I passed a traveling-carriage on the road, and I fancied that it might be wending hitherwards."

"I do not know," said Lilian; "possibly it might contain some fresh visitors. How did you come, Mr. Ainsley ?"

"In the saddle," he replied. "I always ride everywhere it is possible to do so. My old hunter has been through the East with me, and many a long trip besides. Are you fond of horses ?"

"Very," said Lillian.

"I will show you my King Harry, then," he said.

"Thank you," she said. "Lady Besant is going to arrange for croquet, so I must go and offer myself."

And with a smile she left him.

Claude Ainsley leant back and looked after her.

"No, nothing like her but the name—utterly and wonderfully different. She is very beautiful. How would things have gone with me, I wonder, if I had met and fallen in love with an innocent, true-hearted girl like that, instead of——Heigho ! No use regretting; what is to be is to be. All is fate."

Those of the gentlemen who could play croquet had taken sides, and were croquetting. Some had strolled off to the stables, and the remainder were smoking their before-dinner cigars, and watching the players.

Sir Ralph, who neither played croquet nor smoked until the evening, was in the drawing-room, glancing at the country paper when the rattle of a carriage caused him to look up.

"Another visitor," he murmured, resuming his paper; "the Towers will be full in time."

There was the usual bustle in the hall, and presently the drawing-room door was opened, and a footman announced in his usual sing-song:

"I will tell my lady your ladyship has arrived."

Sir Ralph looked up, and the paper dropped from his hands. Before him, as beautiful and youthful as ever, dressed in the most becoming of traveling costumes, stood Lady Melville. Her face grew as pale as his for a moment, but the next she seemed to have decided upon a course of action. Advancing with one delicate gloved hand extended and her lips curled with a smile, she said:

"Sir Ralph, I did not expect to meet you."

He recovered himself at the sound of the well-bred voice, and rose cold and stern.

"Nor I you, madam, or be assured I would have ——"

"Just so," she interrupted him softly. "But as we are here, do you not think it would be as well to bury the hatchet for a while and gain from grieving over dead friends a subject for tattling ? Come, Sir Ralph," she continued, still extending the hand which he had carefully abstained from touching, "let us shake hands and be friends—at least, in name—until we leave the Towers; afterwards we will be—just what you please."

The old man gazed at her for the space of a moment, then took her hand in his and shook it coldly.

"Very well, madam," he said sternly; "it shall be so, but—but ——"

Lady Melville smiled with sarcastic humor.

"If we are to be friends," she said, "do not let us say unkind things to start with. Hush ! here is Lady Besant."

And, turning with an engaging smile, she received the embrace of the hostess.

"Why, my dear Lady Melville, I did not expect you until to-morrow! I am so glad you have come !"

"I said Lady Melville, "the roads were in better condition than James expected them, and we are a day sooner than I anticipated."

"And how strange that Sir Ralph should be the person to receive you !" simpered Lady Besant, who knew nothing of the fend between the two.

"Yes, delightful, is it not ?" laughed Lady Melville.

And with a significant smile at the silent and still darkly frowning Baronet, Lady Melville glided from the room after her hostess.

Sir Ralph did not know how to act. He was on the horns of a dilemma. He had actually shaken hands with his traitoress,and he had been captured and tamed by the woman he most hated in the world. What was he to do? Should he go and tell Lillian to pack up at once ? No, he could not do that without giving some handle to the scandalmongers, and, for another reason, Sir Ralph was desirous of remaining good friends with the Towers. He could not afford to offend the man he wished for his son-in-law. No, shaking his head very ruefully; he must make up his mind to stop, at least for a day or two, and endure the hateful presence of his poor brother's widow as well as he could. But he decided to go and warn Lilian. Warn her of what ? There, again, he was nonplussed; and while he was pacing up and down, vainly seeking for an outlet from the maze, Lady Melville was making play already. Before Sir Ralph could decide to communicate with Lillian, Lady Melville's maid had attired her mistress in a most becoming morning-dress, and her ladyship was gliding towards the croquet-lawn.

The first person she saw was Lord Harcourt, lying full length upon a garden-seat, smoking a cigar with his eyes closed. He was not asleep, however, for he rose, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows, to shake hands with his friend Lady Melville. Her dark eyes rested on his face with a look of keen scrutiny; but his cold, reserved countenance revealed nothing, and, after exchanging a word or two, she was led to be introduced to Lillian. Perhaps, made bold by the success of her late tactics, her wily ladyship advanced with a sweet smile and pressed a kiss upon the pale and somewhat astonished forehead of her beautiful niece.

"Your father said I should find you here, my dear," she said sweetly, "but I should have known you had he not prepared me. You are a Melville, my dear Lilian, in every feature."

And she regarded her with affectionate admiration.

Lillian stammered something, she knew not what. Could it be possible that Sir Ralph had seen and was friendly with this lady—this Lady Melville, of whom he had once spoken so bitterly ?

It was very strange, and she was thankful to the faithful Miss Lucas, who came noiselessly up to her side and held out her sunshade.

"And who is this ?" asked Lady Melville, who seemed inclined to be gracious to any and every one.

"A friend—ahem !" coughed Lady Besant. "Miss Lucas ——"

"Miss Lucas's governess, my lady," replied Miss Lucas herself, fixing her lacklustre eyes upon the handsome face of Lady Melville.

"Oh," said her ladyship, shaking hands. "I am sure Miss Melville is well taken care of."

And with another sweet smile she glided away to the rest of the party.

Croquet was all over for Lillian after this; she could do nothing but follow with her eyes the handsome, graceful Lady Melville about the lawn. There was something about the quick, gliding movements, and a certain ring in the soft, seductive voice of this scent of fears that attracted and chained her attention—charmed her, as it were—and for the life of her she could not help watching and listening, always averting her eyes when Lady Melville looked her way with the sweet smile of affectionate interest. But presently, almost to her relief, her ladyship glided away on the arm of Lord Harcourt, and Lillian felt free to continue her game.

Lady Melville's sweet smile lasted until she and his lordship were out of sight of the croquet-players, and then it disappeared and gave place to a hard, weary, and somewhat fierce expression, that made her ladyship look very, very much older.

Lord Harcourt's face did not change in the slightest; it was as placidly serene and composed as usual. They remained silent for some few minutes. Lord Harcourt found an arbor, and threw her ladyship's shawl across the seat as an invitation, and the handsome woman sank into it with a gesture of weariness.

"You are tired," said Lord Harcourt politely, but not sympathetically.

"What brings you to Besant Towers ?" said her ladyship by way of reply.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled coldly.

"I might put the same question if I were rude enough to retort. I reply : a love of change and a desire for pleasant company."

She laughed hard.

"That may be the ostensible reason, perhaps, but surely Lord Harcourt has a deeper one. What plot and scheme have you on hand here ? Is it Lady Besant, or ——"

"Lilian Melville ?" put in Lord Harcourt. "No," he said significantly. "I leave that young lady to you."

"What do you mean ?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "But, come, be candid and tell me what charms Besant Towers possess for you. You have come some distance."

"And I have," she retorted, "what can it matter to you ?"

"Much," he said curtly; "and you know it. Why do we play this prelude always to our little concerto ? Come, Leonora, be sensible. You have some motive in coming here—what is it? Will you tell me, or shall I be compelled to ferret it out for myself ?"

"I have no motive," she said in a low voice. "If you think I have, pray discover it for yourself, and me too."

"Good," he said. "If I think it worth discovering, I will. Meanwhile, why have you not answered my letters ?"

"Because I did not choose," she retorted through her tightly-shut teeth. "They were impertinent and ruffianly."

He smiled.

"Pardon, not true," he said. "I am never impertinent, least of all ruffianly."

"At heart," she said.

"That is another thing," he said with a smile that showed all his white teeth. "But possibly you looked forward to this meeting, and preferred answering cheerfully, which, after all, is far the pleasanter and safer way."

"I have nothing to answer."

"You have forgotten the question," he said quietly. "I asked you how soon you intended becoming the Baroness de Moniporte ——"

She turned upon him, flashing with anger.

"Base, mean hound !" she breathed. "I know the depth of your degradation ! I know that a peer of the realm can be viler than the vilest footpad and street-ruffian. I did not answer your brutal question because I knew what you tried in vain to conceal from me. I knew—and the time—that the low usurer you would sell me to had lent you the money you required to force me into his clutches !"

If she expected him to look disconcerted and ashamed, she was disappointed. He brushed the ashes from his cigar with leisurely composure.

"Well ?" he said.

"Well !" she repeated. "Have you no shame ?"

"Have you ?" he retorted with a smile.

"No !" she said vehemently, "or I should die under the degradation of being in the power of such a creature."

"Come," he said, "that is sensible. You have put the whole case in this sentence. As you so pertinently say, you are in my power, and you cannot escape from it. That is admitted, I may conclude. Being in my power, I ask you to do a certain thing, a matter of some four years ago. It is not a hard thing; it is rather a good thing for you, as the world goes. You refuse ? Then on the point of putting on the certain pressure which I possess, when a lucky chance saves you—for a while. The Baron supplies the money as a loan whose your marriage would have provided as a gift. He is a sharp man, the dear Baron, and he says: 'My lord, by some fiend's chance or other you have got Lady Melville under your thumb. I want to marry her ladyship. Give me your countenance and your gracious help, and I advance you the loan to save your estates from the hammer.' Am I to say 'No' to this most considerate offer because a woman is silly and capricious ? No. I accept. The estates are saved, but only for a while. The loan must be paid, the contract completed. A week ago I received a gentle hint—one of many—that the Baron was growing impatient. I had written to you, reminding you that I had given you three years' grace, and that really the time had come when you must think of making your choice. I reminded you with all possible politeness and consideration for your feelings, my dear Leonora, notwithstanding your hard words; you made no reply. I am on the point of searching for an interview with you in Rome, Florence, Mentone, wherever you might be, when I am saved the trouble by this happy meeting. Now, why all these heroics and revilings ? Can all the words in all the living languages alter or lessen the bare, plain facts ? Will all this scampering over the continent, which you persist in, save you from the inevitable ?"

"You know not my motive for the restless traveling you so insolently complain of," she said in a low voice.

"That may or may not be," he said. "At least you have not succeeded."

"I have," she said, and her voice sank almost to a whisper; "I have learnt that hope in one quarter is more than useless."

"What have you learnt ?" he asked carelessly.

"That my boy, my poor child, is no more."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you once expect he still lived ?"

"Yes, I," she said fiercely. "I—I. Not for a moment have I given up hoping, though the world thought I had forgotten. But the hope has vanished. The week he was stolen from me a vessel went down off the coast of Italy—whither that fiend had fled—and the bodies were found—a man's and a child's."

A dry, hard sob choked her utterance for a moment.

Lord Harcourt looked coldly indifferent.

"And what else is there to cling to ? The other is a feeble, forlorn thing. You have seen the girl today ——"

"She looks pale and delicate," said Lady Melville, "slight and weakly."

"Bah !" retorted the other. "You have never forgotten the braggadocio of that impostor the mock Chevalier, a pickpocket and charlatan ! A pretty straw to cling to !"

Lady Melville turned white at the mention of the Chevalier's name.

"Hush !" she said. "That's not all. I—I have some other reason."

He looked at her, and shook his head with a sardonic smile.

"The girl will outlive you, as I have told you," he said. "The marriage must take place."

Lady Melville looked round fearfully, and, clasping her two hands nervously together upon her lap, where they writhed together like serpents, she breathed hoarsely:

"How long will you give me—how long ?"

Lord Harcourt looked at her with pitiless contempt.

"I see," he said, "you women are all weak in the same place. You know he's here ?"

"Who ?" she asked, turning her dark eyes upon him.

"Claude Ainsley," said Lord Harcourt with a sneer.

The harassed woman started and turned crimson for a moment; the next her face went white as marble, as she repeated her question:

"How long will you give me ?"

He puffed at his cigar for a few minutes, eyeing her in silence; then he said in a tone of decision:

"Six months; and not a day, an hour longer, I swear !"

Lady Melville rose and placed her arm on his. It trembled like the leaves above them.

"Come," she said; "they will miss us."

A minute after they had strolled off—Lady Melville smiling sweetly again now, without the hard look or the deep lines about her white forehead—the shrubs that formed the sides of the Summer-house were agitated, and the pale face of Miss Lucas was thrust through the leaves.

Lilian expected Sir Ralph would make some communication to her respecting Lady Melville, or, at least, to receive some command or hint as to the behavior she was to adopt to the individual whom she had been forbidden to name. But Sir Ralph was so completely nonplussed by the bold, strategical movement of the world-wise woman that he knew not how to inform Lilian that she must not only endure that hated person's presence, but also permit herself to be petted and made much of by her ladyship. Lady Melville was not slow in following up her tactics. Lady Melville did not fail to pay Lilian particular attention; she insisted upon reminding her, in a dozen different and trivial ways, of the relationship between them, and never met the beautiful girl's half-puzzled and confused glance but with the sweet smile of affection.

Dinner was announced, and with the announcement entered several of the gentlemen, Claude Ainsley amongst them. He knew that Lady Melville had arrived, and was therefore prepared to shake hands with the woman who held his heart with well-bred ease. On neither side could the uninitiated have detected any signs of emotion; but the thin lips of Lord Harcourt wreathed into a sneer behind his moustache as he saw the fluttering of the lace upon her ladyship's bosom, which revealed how great an effort it was to receive the sunburnt traveler with indifferent composure. The beauty had been dull before, and it had not been particularly so, it suddenly gained a greater brilliancy. Lady Melville was a woman who could, if she chose, shine most charmingly, and Sir Ralph, who had always regarded her as a scheming, ignorant and showy, underbred woman, was taken to his wine-glass that he had misjudged her. Her beauty looked best in the glamour of the wax-lights—her well-modulated voice and clear, musical laugh harmonized with the low buzz of well-bred conversation and the tinkling of silver and glass. She knew the power of charming which she possessed, and exerted herself to make a good impression upon Sir Ralph and Lillian—drew out Mr. Besant on hunting, encouraged his mother to talk of the Alderman, enlisted Miss Dalton's sympathies for a pet bazaar, and, catching at the pet hobbies and weak points of each, brought them out to their owner's delight and Sir Ralph's amusement. To him, of course, she was all amiability, toned down by a nice, discriminating respect. To Claude Ainsley she was almost silent, and Lord Harcourt—who, while appearing to join in the conversation with indolent abandon, really had ears and eyes for her every look and word—knew that behind the bright smile and pleasant laugh a storm of jealousy was raging madly.

Miss Lucas sat quietly at a remote corner of the table, apparently lost to everything save the pattern of the wall-paper, but with ears and eyes as acute and vigilant as his lordship's.

The ladies rose, and the gentlemen were left to diminish the wines. When they followed into the drawing-room Lady Melville had retired, pleading as an excuse that she had traveled a long way and was tired. There was some music and a card-table or two going.

Lillian would not sing, and waited, expecting some sign from her father every moment; but none came, and she entered with Miss Lucas, having received nothing more definite than his low-breathed "Good-night, my darling. Heaven bless you !" Lillian had her own maid with her; but Miss Lucas spent a few moments watching the unbinding of her charge's beautiful hair and listening to her artless comments on the events of the day.

To-night, however, Lillian was very silent, and Miss Lucas, after waiting for her to mention Lady Melville's name first, said in a careless way:

"Well, my dear, what do you think of Lady Melville, your aunt ?"

Lilian looked uneasy and embarrassed. She remembered her father's command, and was loth to reply. At last she said:

"I—don't ask me, Kate. She is my aunt—but I would rather not talk about her. There, don't ask me any questions, but go to bed, there's a dear, kind Kate !" and Miss Lucas, without expressing surprise or any other emotion, pressed a cold kiss on the fair young forehead and glided off.

"Sob," she murmured as she sat down before her letter-paper and prepared her pen. "There's a mystery ! Does the girl know anything of it. I wonder ? No matter; time and patience and I will scent it out."

She commenced to write rapidly as usual, and without making a mark of ink upon the paper, but paused suddenly and listened intently. There came the regular tramp, tramp, of someone pacing quickly and feverishly overhead. She listened for a few minutes, and then stole to the door and opened it. A chambermaid passed, and inquired if Miss Lucas required anything.

"Yes; a little water, if you please," said Miss Lucas.

The water was brought.

"Thank you. Do you know who sleeps in the room above this, Mary ?" she asked carelessly.

"Yes, miss," replied the girl. "Lady Melville."

Miss Lucas smiled and re-entered her room, but not to write for a little while. The quick, regular pit-pat above seemed to have quite a fascination for her, and when, an hour afterwards, it still continued, she, as if yielding to an irresistible temptation, slipped off her shoes and stole out into the corridor. All was perfectly quiet and dark. She hesitated for a moment, then, muttering: "One peep —I must have one peep," stole up the stairs and gained the door of the room immediately above her own. Listening again, she knelt on the rug and applied her eye to the keyhole. What she saw was the tall figure of Lady Melville pacing the room with a regular, restless walk. There was little beauty in her face now; nothing but a haggard, driven look, as if of a hunted animal at bay and desperate. The small white hands, that posed so gracefully and pleasingly at the dinner-table, were strained and clenched at her side, matching well in their attitude of restrained passion the deeply-lined brow and tightly-closed lips.

The lifeless face at the door looked like a cat watching a mouse, and gloating over the anticipation of capture. The restless footsteps had ceased long before the quiet governess had finished her epistolary task; but Miss Lucas in her dreams still saw the haggard face and strained figure in its feverish, passionate pacing. Even in her sleep she was faithful to the mission to which she had devoted herself.

The next day Miss Lucas found an opportunity of a quiet chat with Mr. Besant. She might be a very quiet, insignificant little lady, but she was a wise woman, who knew how to smooth the satin-coat of everybody's hobby-horse. This morning, with a tact that would have done credit to Lady Melville herself, the quiet companion discussed the probabilities of the coming hunting season, and actually inspected the stables under Mr. Besant's escort. From horses the conversation glided to the various families around, and the capabilities of their male members as fox-hunters.

"Rivershall used to be the headquarters till Sir Ralph became lord and master," said Mr. Besant. "My father only got the hounds after Sir William's death."

There was the opening, and Miss Lucas seized it. Before they had regained the house she had learnt from the talkative Squire the exact position in which Lady Melville was placed in respect to the Rivershall property, and had wormed the information out of him without his being conscious of having been jumped. There was the shadow of a smile upon Miss Lucas' pale face as she thought of her morning-chat; and while Mr. Besant marched off with the impression that "that governess was a decent, sensible sort of a woman," "that governess" was watching and waiting for her prey.

The ladies were going for a ride, and the horses were cutting up the gravel with their impatient feet, waiting for her ladyship. She came presently, beautifully attired in the latest Paris fashions, and with a sweet, playful serenity that might have almost deceived Miss Lucas into thinking the perambulation over her head the fancy of a dream.

"I am so sorry to have kept you all waiting," she murmured, "but you must forgive me. Williams was so stupid, and had mislaid my things. There, now !" she added after kissing Lilian, "actually I have forgotten my pocket-handkerchief !"

"Allow me to fetch it for you," said Miss Lucas quietly.

And, before Lady Melville could accept or refuse, she had glided away, and soon returned with the delicate piece of make-believe used by fashionable ladies.

"Oh, thank you," rippled her ladyship, as the handkerchief was handed up. "So kind—so very kind."

And she bent a gracious smile upon the pale, lifeless face. But, as her eyes encountered those of the polite and attentive Miss Lucas, the smile suddenly disappeared, and an expression of faint distrust and suspicion replaced it.

"What a pleasant-looking governess of yours that is, my dear," she said to Lilian. "Really, so very kind of her."

"Kate is always thoughtful and kind," said Lillian, who had not quite recovered from her ladyship's affectionate kiss.

Lady Melville smiled that smile which goes for little and means much.

"Ah, my love, who would not be kind to you ? But, really, I like the look of her quiet face. Who is she ?"

"—I really do not know," said Lillian, rather puz

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

G. U. W., Boston.—It is a principle of betting, and it used to be of common lay also, that inand titlates everything. But there is no legal evidence that Hayes has, as you state, been "counted in," because the Commission refused to entertain evidence upon that head; and all that is left to bettors to do, in case Hayes becomes President, is to resign their money as gracefully as possible to those who think they are justified in demanding it. It is useless to stand quibbling about "elected" and "counted in." We know that the bets last Fall were made as to an election, and not as to possibly manipulated returns; and we also know that, in the cases of contested Members of Congress, substantially the same gentlemen as composed the Electoral Commission have readily gone behind the returns, and so behind State laws, to show fraud, and that they have even thrown States out of the Presidential count. They will do the same things again, but they are not doing them just now, and that settles it for the present. This paper has always held that a certificate of election, while *prima-facie* evidence, is not conclusive, and may be set aside, and thus bettors be afforded relief as against fraud: but in this particular case the certificates are at once *prima-facie* and conclusive, and "bets go with the main stake," which the referees, the Electoral Commission, have awarded to Hayes and Wheeler.

H. D., Williamsburgh.—By a concession, the deal at euchre continues on from game to game the same as if one game had not been ended and another begun. Occasionally, the loser is conceded the deal. Strictly, however, the deal with which every game is begun can be cut for, and A is right, provided he had not waited until the sixth game to claim the deal. If the deal had run along in rotation prior to that, neither became the practical loser for the occasion, and could not be altered except by general concurrence.

T. J. D., St. Cesaire College.—1. New York, which does not include Brooklyn, ranks Philadelphia commercially. 2. Philadelphia has a greater area than New York, which again does not include Brooklyn. 3. New York City has now an estimated population of about 1,050,000. 4. About two miles, inclusive of approaches. 5. There are possibly longer railroad bridges, but there is none *larger*. 6. It is a matter of opinion, and ours is never expressed in these columns. 7. A drug-store will advise you capably upon that head.

EARNEST.—1. It is too late to remedy the matter now. 2. It would be fraudulent to copyright the song under another name. 3. Of course its publication could be traced. 4. No. 5. The mere certificate of copyright amounts to little. If, however, you should attempt to legally prevent other parties using the song, claiming that its copyright was vested in yourself, you would probably lose your case, and might be made to answer for your wrong-doing in heavy damages, if not also by criminal prosecution.

FERGUSON.—Charles White first opened the Melodeon, No. 49 Bowery, Nov. 24, 1846. On March 12, 1848, the building was damaged by fire. It was repaired and reopened April 17 of that year. On May 20, 1849, it was totally destroyed by fire. A new building was erected on its site, which was opened Sept. 17 of that year. He managed colored places, notably one at No. 53 Bowery, under the name of the Melodeon, up to 1857.

V. T., West Phila.—1. The first international rifle-match, American *vs.* Ireland, took place in Creedmoor, June 26, 27, 1874. 2. In the competition on the same grounds in September last the aggregate scores made by the different teams at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yards ranges were as follows: American—1,074, 1,033, 1,048—total, 3,155. Irish—1,037, 1,009, 1,056—total, 3,104. Scottish—1,060, 990, 1,013—3,063. Australian—1,063, 1,018, 991—total, 3,062. Canadian—1,043, 940, 969—3,952.

H. AND H., Chicago.—1. See our advertising columns for the addresses of sketch-writers. 2. Neither of the persons named would write sketches for other performers. 3. We prefer not to recommend any writer of songs. 4. It would depend entirely upon the merit and reputation of the performers—say from $40 to $100 per week for short engagements. 5. See some of the managerial volunteers on one night for nothing. 6. Lemon-juice. 7. $5.10 for each insertion.

D. F., Bridgeport.—The duties of an assistant agent consist of doing precisely what he is told by the general agent, to whom application should be made for an engagement. The manager pays his board and traveling expenses, and such further recompense as may be agreed upon. An advertisement in THE CLIPPER might procure you a situation to learn the business.

CARLTON HEIGHTS, St. John.—The decision in favor of the London boat at the Centennial regatta entitled them to the championship of the world. The alleged sell-out of the Paris crew to the Halifax men, and the fact that the latter made the course first, do not affect the result.

BONA-FIDE.—The series of articles not being completed, your complaint of players being left out is premature. In regard to every player you name except Hulbert, we might say that we did not see one of them play. How, therefore, can we comment on their special merits?

R. L. S., San Francisco.—1. Baldwin's Academy of Music, in your city, will hold 2,000 persons. 2. The Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city, will seat only 1,529. 2. Aimee sang as "As Pretty as a Picture" in New York before she sang it in San Francisco.

T. S.—Mace and Coburn fought near Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 30, 1871. They fought 12 rounds in 3 hours 38 minutes, when, not a blow having been struck for nearly an hour, the referee declared it a draw. Coburn gained the first fall, in the first round.

L. B.—1. We should have to read Shakespeare through before we could tell how often he laughed about, and it is quite evident that you have more leisure than we. 2. As to the Latin quotations, consult a dictionary of that language.

REG. Phila.—1. Jig-shoes are not made. Get Oxfords-ties. Suits vary from $8 to $50. 2. That is the only way to build. 3. It is not likely to have either effect, but it will develop and strengthen the muscles. The measurement is unusually large for your age. 5. Very good.

J. H., Ashton.—John Wilkes Booth was shot in a barn near Bowling Green, Va., in which he had taken refuge from his pursuers, twelve days after the assassination of President Lincoln.

BUB, Covington.—Allen and Goss fought twice—once in England and once in Kentucky. The first time ended in a draw, and the other was given against Allen, on a claim of foul.

W. M. ROBINSON, Washago.—1. Jumping shoes, with spring shank, can be obtained from Ed. James. 2. They are. 3. About $8. 4. English running shoes, $7; American, $3 50.

CHICAGO.—In making his leap over seventeen horses, Geo. M. Kelly used what is technically called a "run"—an inclined plane—down which he ran, and then jumped upon a spring-board, and vaulted over the horses.

L. L. V. A., Rochester.—1. We have a theatrical correspondent there. Should a vacancy occur, your application will receive consideration. 2. It is not customary to do so.

M. G. B. C., Providence.—1. As such a description would exhaust more space than we can spare, we respectfully refer you to "The Terrier Dog," a little work published by Ed. James. 2. Lord Nelson's first name was Horatio.

LONDON, Ont.—1. The six will take ace, deuce and tray, if latter have not already been piled as "threes." 2. Having claimed a game, he is entitled to count what is attainable in it, if loses the game. 3. B cannot build on "sixes."

CLIPPER READER, Chicago.—The statement is lacking in essentials. How came the party to throw out of his turn? And had he been called to throw in turn? As there were judges of the raffle, the dispute should go to them.

Q. AND M., Red Spring.—E must show his cards, and he can, if he desires, compel A to show his. Any other player round the board can require both to show up, although both might prefer not to do so.

F. E. S., St. Louis.—1. Whiskey-toddy is made in too many ways for us. State the bet. 2. Hominy is coarse maize; the latter is the coarse part of meal, and there are also wheaten grits; samp is maize.

A. J.—Harry Rainforth is still with the Selden Irwin Combination. 2, 3. He is not married. 4. John Dillon has been married to charge. 5. We cannot say as to the relationship.

C. A. G.—Prioress, ridden by Fordham, won the Ceasarewitch Stakes, in England, in 1857, after a dead heat with Hakim and Queen Bess. Tankesley rode Prioress in the dead heat.

TIN MAN, Texas.—1. No announcement of names has yet been officially made. 2. Allison led in the averages. 3. Walker is dead, and Weeden is serving out a six years' sentence for manslaughter.

T. J. C., Baltimore.—We never heard of "Carpenter's work on Politeness." "Chesterfield on Politeness" is a standard authority, which you can purchase at almost any bookstore.

COLBY WAYER, Chicago.—Ada Gray was traveling with a dramatic company in the western part of this State a few weeks ago. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

THEATRE-GOER, Toronto.—1. We have no record of the lady's age. She is probably between 30 and 35 years old. 2. Miss Neilson, we believe, made her début in the New Royalty Theatre, London, Eng., in July, 1865, acting Juliet.

J. N. T., Springfield.—1. There is no such person at that address. 2. You can get the book at almost any of the leading publishing houses.

C. H. HAYES, Great Falls.—Edward O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, was born at Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland, in January, 1840, and died in this city, Nov. 4, 1873.

A. W. L., Walkerton.—1. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y. 2. He fought Sayers April 17, 1860, the battle ending in a draw.

H. A., Port Chester.—1. His partner, if having a ten in his hand, can build as you propose—not otherwise. 2. You can make a six by adding a deuce to two deuces.

T. F. B., Hudson.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will send you the information necessary to procure a copy right.

E. R., Winterset.—Do you not mean H. A. Kendall, manager of Kendall's Comedy Company? If so, address a letter to him in care of this office.

C. P., Cleveland.—We cannot say. The address is in the advertisement. 2. Miss Nelson may possibly play in your city this season. 3. It is uncertain.

R. F. M., Cincinnati.—Charlotte Thompson is said to have been born June 7, 1845. In private life she is Mrs. Loraine Rogers.

V. K. G.—Such performers change their stage names so frequently that it is almost impossible to keep track of them.

F. R. H., Somerset, Texas.—1. Have sent you ALMANACS. 2. "Horse-taming" and the poem are declined; the other will probably appear.

J. W. C., Newark.—There is no work published that gives the information. A dramatic agent might aid you in procuring it.

RACING, Montreal.—1. "The Athlete's Guide," obtainable from Ed. James, will inform you. 2. The best mile time, running, is said to be 4m. 24½s.

WILLIE SHAKESPEARE.—Those things are of no interest to our readers, and we must decline to waste time upon them. Read the book.

W. M. CLARK, Lansing.—Having no faith in the honesty of the alleged performance, we cannot make mention of the affair.

PARK, Beloit.—Charles O'Conor, although nominated by a minor branch of the Democracy in 1872, and voted for by some few, was not a candidate for the Presidency.

TOMPKINS, Louisville.—1. See "G. U. W., Boston," as to Hayes and Wheeler. 2. We do not know yet how South Carolina "will have gone."

DALLAS.—1. The Phelan-Seereiter billiard match was played April 18, 1874. 2. Lotta and Helen Western were sisters, and Lucille was the elder.

LOU.—1. We do not keep advised as to the lotteries. 2. The mother is living in this city, we believe, and presume that any and all daughters are with her.

AMATEUR, Richmond.—H. Gorman, Tecumseh, London; G. Sherman, Maple Leaf, Guelph. We do not know the others.

TEXAS, Marshall.—1. Cannot say. 2. Letters for William Clacker, Major Thos. G. Bacon and Thos. Heathwood can be addressed in care of this office.

UNION STARR, Phila.—We do not know the present whereabouts of Harry Brooks, but a letter sent in our care will doubtless reach him.

H. RUSSIA, Danbury.—There is a lady-physician of that name who makes a specialty of lung diseases, residing in Brooklyn.

J. N. D., Hamburg.—Miss Emma Abbott's teachers were San Giovanni, Wartel and Sig. Errani. We will reply to your other questions next week.

J. W. H., Newark.—At the close of 1874, there were 11,624 miles of railroad. At the close of 1875 there were 5,450 miles in New York State.

BILVIN, Binghamton.—No authority is accorded the constitutional right to throw out "all the legal and illegal votes of a county, parish or voting district."

H. E. G., Chicago.—There is no book that is a standard authority. There are several such books, and any publisher in your city can get them for you.

E. K. F., Pittsburg.—Tony Pastor's song, "Flags of all Nations," is in manuscript, and could not be obtained except of the owner.

W. F. SUDA, Louisiana.—Address a letter to A. H. Bogardus, in our care.

E. A. S., Matteawan.—The gaff you sent us for inspection is foul. A fair spur should not drop below the socket.

J. G. M., Brooklyn.—Your friend is mistaken. Jim Mace was born April 8, 1831.

R. S. TEASE, Allegheny.—We do not know the address of the party who bred those fowls.

SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—Jim Mace first visited this country in 1869, landing at New York Sept. 14.

G. H., Ward City.—Trotting sulkies weigh from fifty to eighty pounds.

J. D., Philadelphia.—It is out on his low, which counts before jack, except when the latter is turned up.

ELK, San Francisco.—1. Three fives, a deuce and a three count fourteen. 2. Four deuces and a nine count twenty.

E. S. P., Lakeville.—Three threes and two sixes count eighteen.

CASSINO.—The party who first made enough to put himself out should have called out.

DECATUR.—"Horsedish versus Appetite." "The Dominie's Grace," "Rest at Last," "Happy as a Dove."

G. J. G., Cincinnati.—By special agreement with a few of the oldest.

L. T., Cohoes.—If five was counted for the best trump, E was out; if not, K was out.

CONSTANT READER, Danbury.—As to your "counted in" and "elected," see "G. U. W., Boston."

REGULAR READER, Phila.—Get Ed. James' work, "Terrier Dogs," price $1.

C. B. H., Findlay.—"John Deery, billiard player, San Francisco," or a letter in care of this office, will reach him.

P. S.—The ace of hearts at forty-five calls for a trump only. A heart need not otherwise be played to it.

PARK SAMPLE-ROOM, Toronto.—He cannot be allowed a strike.

A SUBSCRIBER, Denver.—A will win if the fact is as he bets it is.

WEARY WAITING.—He will win if the entertainment took place on the 31st.

H. M. D., Girard.—1. As the bet is worded, A loses. 2. A tie is not always a draw.

C. A. R., Chicago.—Try one at a time, and give it more careful attention.

"JACK" WILLIAMS.—We will forward it as soon as we learn his whereabouts.

CONSTANT READER, U. S. S. Minnesota.—There could be but one lone hand. A makes one point.

DANIEL.—John Dwyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., was born at St. Johns, N. F., Aug. 15, 1846.

J. S. G., Evansville.—Address E. & J. Burke, importers of foreign beers, 29 Beaver street, New York.

F. A. B., Boston.—1. March 1. 2. Devlin. 3. Bond. 4. Indefinite.

MONTGOMERY, Phila.—The highest euchre card, which is 16, is out in the deal.

J. W. S.—B is right. The ace of hearts calls for a trump, and for nothing else, at forty-fives.

WOODSOCKET, R. I.—Peter Cooper is as yet the owner, we believe.

BUFFALO.—The present Trinity Church was begun in 1839, and finished in 1846.

J. J. R., Jefferson City.—At that game a player can draw as many pieces as he pleases.

HARRY HOWARD, Savannah.—You are right. Covering the dice is foul.

SKIN-SPORTER, Poughkeepsie.—We know nothing of the cards or the parties.

C. C. F., Central City.—A player who is assisted is in the same position as one ordered up—he cannot go alone.

G. D., Philadelphia.—You are wrong. At regular euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time.

A. L. B., Marlboro.—Address a note to F. Alexandre & Sons, 33 Broadway, N. Y., agents of line.

L. I. H., Boston.—Read our variety summary each week.

JOHN V. BEITZ, Abilene.—Ed. James can supply them.

MONTCLAIR.—The records are correct up to Dec. 26 last.

W. F.—Jim Mace stands 5ft. 8¾in. in his stocking feet.

S. C. R., Danvers.—Andrew Johnson was impeached.

D. J. R., Newcastle.—I had no right to shuffle the cards.

CROWE, Milford.—The third man has nothing to say.

H. F. W., Brooklyn.—Have not heard from him yet.

J. D. F., Detroit.—Dexter's best record is 2:17¼.

B. F. S., Taylorsville.—See "G. U. W., Boston."

J. C. L., Chicago.—See "G. U. W., Boston."

CASSINO.—"Nines" cannot be built upon.

M. C., Savannah.—It is still in our care.

MAC, Phila.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

M. F. C.—B wins by the sweep.

ERIE.—Not in our line on his call.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—A wins.

J. W. C., Emporia.—26,815.

L. V. V. H.—It is still here.

THE ACTOR IN SOCIETY.

When Macready determined to adopt the stage as a profession—his father had designed him to become a lawyer—he was not, according to his own confession, aware of the distance between the two starting-points in life. Many years later he wrote these words: "My experience has taught me that, whilst the law, the church, the army and navy give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society by the individual bearing." Which means, simply, that other professions confer dignity upon their followers, while the actor must earn for himself the title of gentleman in spite of his calling.

What was true in Macready's early years is true to-day. The actor is forced to fight against narrow-minded prejudice, and to overcome the adverse opinion of many well-meaning but bigoted people. To be received into the higher circles of society, he must attain marked distinction in his profession. Without the passport of fame, his occupation condemns him. The Macreadys and Kembles and Keans of any age have enough fawning flatterers at their heels, but the rank and file of the dramatic profession are looked upon as forming a doubtful element in the complex fabric called "society." In the early puritanic days of New England an actor was believed to be a pronounced and open servant of Satan; and the man, woman or child who attended a theatrical performance was immediately consigned to the sulphurous regions below. Our ministers have become more considerate in these later years, and even Brother Talmage makes it possible for a player to escape the wrath to come. But while the stage is held in higher favor, and while the actor's art has come to be recognized as one worthy of patient study and liberal patronage, the members of the theatric profession find still the barriers of prejudice shutting them out from their rightful places in society.

Every player has another life apart from that which he lives upon the stage. Actors are possessed of the same desires and yearnings and passions and hopes and fears which fill the breasts of other men. They cannot wholly merge their individuality into their art. They must have relaxation and pleasure, like the rest of us. The heavy villain of to-night becomes a husband and father with the dawn of the morrow, and his mind is occupied with very different thoughts from those which claimed his attention in the play. The injured heroine steps from the glare of the footlights into the duties of her own domestic circle, and may be a wife and mother for aught the public cares. In a word, our actors and actresses are but men and women. The stage does not rob them of their affections nor blunt their sensibilities, nor make them other than human. They may assume a thousand characters, yet there remains, distinct from all these, a character of their own—modeled by the same varying influences, and bent by the same unyielding forces which mold and bend mankind the world round.

We ask for the members of the dramatic profession a broader social life. The stage itself has come down to us as one of the established institutions of civilized society. Drawing its origin from the Church, and antedating the Christian religion by hundreds of years, it is destined to exist as long as the world moves in its present orbit. Is it not fitting, then, that those who tread the boards in a professional capacity should be received as the peers of their fellow-men? What superfine distinction is this which society makes between the actor's calling and that of the merchant, lawyer, doctor or priest? Shall education be made a passport to association with the higher classes? Then look for it among the followers of the stage; you will not look in vain. Or is the barred door to be opened by the key of refinement? There are hundreds of refined men and women in theatric circles. Or is it talent that is wanted? The stage is rich in talent. Or morality? The morals of our actors will compare most favorably with those of any other class. Let the prejudice, then, which is but a relic of bigotry and ignorance, be done away with, and let an actor be received into society as readily and as cordially as he would be if he followed some other vocation. Not, mind you, because he *is* an actor; but because he is educated and refined, because his character is unstained with vice. These are the requisites demanded in others—we speak of a society founded upon a truer basis than the mighty dollar—and let them be demanded likewise of the actor. If he is lacking in these qualities, he may expect to be denied admittance to the charmed circle; if he possesses them, then he has a right to demand that he shall not be ostracized because of his profession. Brown borrows dignity from his calling, which is that of a painter; Jones gives the world an early opportunity to know that he is a lawyer; the Reverend Mr. Simpkins wears a white cravat as a badge of his theological pursuits; but here is Johnson, who knows more of art than Brown, as much of law as Jones, and possibly as much of religion, if not of theology, as the Reverend Mr. Simpkins, and who must live down the prejudice which exists against him because, forsooth, he is an actor. Society, in kid-gloves and broadcloth, opens its arms to Brown, Jones and Simpkins, not because of any personal superiority discernible in the trinity, but because of their several vocations; and this same society finds it difficult to extend a gracious hand to Johnson, whose positive virtues are overshadowed by the negative vice of his profession. And what is that profession but the embodiment, the quintessence, of all other arts? What other calling demands such preparatory schooling, such untiring devotion, such constant study and patient endeavor? As Macready well said: "In other callings the profession confers dignity upon the initiated—on the stage the player must contribute respect to the exercise of his art."

The barriers which prejudice has erected against persons connected with the stage have resulted in shutting out, to a very large degree, that intercourse with other professions which the theatric ought to enjoy. In their social lives our actors, we think, have become too exclusive. Did they mingle more freely with men and women outside their own vocation, the world would come to know that honor and virtue and sterling worth are to be found upon the stage, and that morality is not necessarily stripped off when the player's garb is donned. Learning this, the world might so far forget its prejudice as to accept a man for what he is, whether a boor in the pulpit or a gentleman upon the stage. That type of littleness which comes only from the dignity which a profession confers, is not to be envied, after all. A pigmy may succeed in elevating himself to the castle of a giant, but his position serves only to make his littleness more conspicious. It is not the calling that makes the man, but the man the calling. A fool is no less a fool because he pleads in court or preaches in a pulpit; and a gentleman is not one whit less a gentleman, nor a lady one whit less a lady, because they follow that profession which has produced, even in these modern days, noble men and loyal women.

WE DIDN'T SHOW UP very well before strangers on Washington's Birthday, and our country cousins went away disgusted. They expected to see a military parade five miles long, with ten thousand soldiers in line, and twenty-five brass bands. There was no such display, and we ought to feel very mean about it.

WE OBSERVE that "Ouida," the popular novelist, lives in a magnificent mansion, with damask curtains, marble statues, old pictures, mediæval bric-a-brac, and a wilderness of flowers. *Ouida* good deal sooner have these things than all her books.

THE MONEY MARKET promises to be active next week, as large sums will probably change hands on the result of the Presidential election. New hats will also come into favor.

WHAT WILL the dailies do when the Presidential question is settled? Will the threatened European war eventuate in time to take up the thread of our daily discourses?

"OUR BOARDING-HOUSE" is very delightful on the stage, but it's a trifle too hashy as a matter of fact.

NOTHING WILL PRODUCE an absolute sensation among turfmen now except a horse that can trot a mile in 2:10. We are waiting for such an animal to make his appearance. The times are ripe for him—or for her. To cut off four seconds from Goldsmith Maid's best time will not seem any more remarkable than did the Maid's reduction of the noted Dexter's record. Trotting has been reduced to a very fine science within the past few years. When the point shall have been whittled down a trifle sharper, we may reasonably expect to see such exhibitions of speed as will cause the older patrons of the turf to open their eyes in honest wonder. Not very long ago it was held to be illustrative of dangerously rapid traveling to speak of a "two-forty" gait. That would be considered dangerously slow at present. There is something certainly suggestive in the gradual but steady decrease of the time in which a mile has been trotted. Now a second, now a fraction, has been cut off from the famous records; and with enough fractions to make up a few more seconds, we shall get down to the figures which we have indicated as necessary to produce a sensation. And that word awakens the thought: What will be the name of the animal that first trots under the present fastest record? Will it be Lula or Smuggler, or yet one of the fleety Goldust tribe? Or will it be a horse as yet unknown to fame?

ACCORDING to the ipse-dixit of the Electoral Commission at Washington, D. C., "All-fours" is likely to undergo a change, for we perceive that, in the hands just played, the highest cards *ale seven up!* See?

FOR KICKING HIS WIFE while she was down, a man over in Jersey was recently severely reprimanded by a judge of the period. Guess that will put a stop to kicking over there.

LATEST.—The Commission having decided not to let the old *Cronin, Watts'* his name has "got it."

LET'S SEE.—Who *was* the first to nominate Hayes?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***** On Feb. 19: Objection being made by the Democrats to the Louisiana decision, the two Houses of Congress separated, the Senate voting to sustain the Commission, and the House taking a recess until the following day.....The daughter of Matt Dancer the gambler, who recently died in this city, was stated to have bequeathed over $300,000 to charitable purposes.....Four persons named Hoh were convicted at Nashville, Tenn., charged with participation in the murder of Lieut. McIntyre in Northern Georgia.....Phineas D. Allen, a fireman, blew off the lower portion of his face with a shotgun.....The steamship Gulf Stream brought to this port the officers, crew and passengers of the burned steamer Bavaria.....The Hillyer, Mitchell and Loomis Bros.' store, at Granby, Ct., loss $55,000, insured for $10,000; the manilla paper-mill at North Providence, R. I.—loss $15,000, insured; the Presbyterian Church on Third street, Jamestown, N. Y.—loss $10,000, insured for $7,000; the post-office and Monroe Bros.' meat market, East Providence, R. I.—loss $6,000, insurance $4,500.....Thomas Rooney was crushed to death by machinery at East Newark, N. J.....A young man named Conway was killed on the railroad at Communipaw, N. J.....The operatives at the Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, Mass., struck for an increase of wages.

***** Feb. 20: Congress counted the vote for Hayes and Wheeler, and the count proceeded (Democratic objection to a Michigan elector being overruled by both Houses) until Nevada was reached, when objection was made to a Republican elector and the houses separated, the Senate voting down the objection and the House taking a recess until the 21st, the latter body rejected the decision of the Commission on the Louisiana case, the vote standing 172 to 99.....Suicides: Charles T. Jones shot himself at Belleville, Ont.; William H. White, a farmer, hanged himself near Fishkill, N. Y.....Cable news: A furious gale prevailed on the British and French coasts during the month, causing loss of life and disaster to shipping. Russia has an army of 600,000 men ready to commence operations. During the debate in the House of Lords on the Eastern question, Lord Derby declared that England would not go to war for Turkey. The British steamer Lotus, from New Haven, C., arrived at Constantinople with a cargo of arms and ammunition valued at $1,750,000; vessel and cargo had been damaged by a storm. Much uneasiness was occasioned by the appearance of the rinderpest at Hull, Eng.....News was received of the murder, near Guanabacoa, Cuba, of Sixta Regla Saez and her son, aged 13, by Jose Narnajo, her paramour, who concealed the bodies in a well.....E. D. Kennedy, Master Commissioner of the Garrard County Court, was killed at Lancaster, Ky., by his nephew G. C. Kennedy.....At Baltimore, Md., George Waters (colored) was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for the murder of William Giles.....Charles Bell, a striking engineer of the Boston and Maine Railroad, was arrested for disabling a locomotive at Boston, Mass..... Fires: A portion of the great bridge at St. Louis, Mo.—loss $50,000, fully insured; Walter Aiken's residence, at Franklin Falls, N. H.—loss $30,000; W. Cromwell & Co.'s saw and grist-mill, at Cambridge, Md.—loss $30,000; Spofford & Son's box-factory, at Marblehead, Mass.—loss $7,000.

***** Feb. 21: Objections being made by Congress in joint convention to the two sets of returns received from Oregon, the houses separated and the documents were submitted to the Electoral Commission.....The House voted not to sustain the objections to Nevada.....A letter from ex-Gov. Tilden to Senator Kernan was published, the writer denying all knowledge of the use of money in Oregon, and repudiating the agreement not to investigate his bank-accounts.....News was received by mail of the loss of the British bark Maria, Capt. Grayson, in latitude 36deg. 23min., longitude 32deg. 30min. James McLaughlin, the sole survivor of a crew of fourteen, reached Liverpool in the thirty-two days which elapsed from the loss of the vessel until the wreck was sighted by the American schooner F. E. McDonald, the crew had no water and no food save the dead bodies of their shipmates.....A decree was published permitting the return to Spain of Carlist refugees, with the loss of the prosecution's lien against their property.....Douglass Walker of Brooklyn, N. Y., was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for assaulting Thos. F. Clark with a horsewhip.....James H. Hubbard, a real-estate operator, Chicago, Ill., failed. Liabilities, $250,000; assets, $26,000.....Fires: Taussig & Hamelschlag's confectionery, in this city—loss $5,000; Chas. Peyser's cigar manufactory, here—loss $3,500.

***** Feb. 22: The anniversary of Washington's Birthday was celebrated very generally through the country.....The bill appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a National Museum was passed by the Senate.....Delta (Col.) was visited by a cyclone, which by lifting from the roof of a building in this city. She was driven to the act by the circulation by a female neighbor of scandalous stories concerning her.....George Riley, John Brown, Wirt Mason and Adam Diel were killed, and several others wounded, by a boiler explosion at Pomeroy, O.....A similar accident caused death of three men and seriously wounded as many more at Petersburg, Ind.....Godfrey Rench died in Williamsburg, L. I., from the effects of poison self-administered.....Frederick Benson hung himself in this city.....John Kane, residing here, was shot and dangerously wounded by Michael Donahan, one of three men who entered his residence at 5 o'clock A. M.....At Easton, Pa., D. R. Street was acquitted of the charge of having murdered Edward C. Able.....John Sinke, aged 62, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was, by the breaking of a rope, precipitated into a well, receiving fatal injuries.....Cable news: The German steamer Franconia was wrecked off Point San Blas; this is the vessel which sank the steamer Strathclyde, off Dover, Eng., causing a loss of over fifty lives. Cardinal Cullen refused to permit the remains of Col. John O'Mahony to lie in state in the Catholic cathedral, Dublin, Ireland.....Paul Lavoie was killed, and two other men were badly injured, by an accident on the Lachine Canal, Canada.....The Opera-house, Baptist church, and Judge Walker's residence, at Waco, Texas, were destroyed by fire.

***** Feb. 23: The Electoral Commission unanimously rejected Oregon's vote from Oregon, and by a vote of 8 to 7 gave the State to Hayes and Wheeler.....Francis McConchie pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced at North Hempstead, L. I., to imprisonment for life for killing Maggie Bauer.....E. Warner and Nathaniel Folsom committed suicide at Boston, Mass.....News received by mail: The Russian Consulate at Constantinople warned shipping that torpedoes are being placed on the Black Sea coast for the protection of ports. Peace between Turkey and Serbia was regarded as virtually concluded. It was stated that a league has been formed by Ritualists for the overthrow and the dissolution of the Church of the English Church. The remains of Col. John O'Mahony arrived at Cork, Ireland, and were placed in the Democratic Club Room; the expected torchlight procession and political demonstration did not take place.....Michael Kerwin was fatally injured by falling downstairs in this city.....Mrs. Baker of Jersey City, N. J., died from injuries received by falling from a window.....Blewett's laundry, at Belleville, N. J., was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $15,000.

***** Feb. 24: The U. S. Senate sustained the decision of the Commission giving Oregon to Hayes, and the House rejected it, a motion to take a recess till 10 A. M. on the 26th having been voted down, fifty-two Democrats joining with the Republicans, and another purely filibustering motion being ruled out of order by Speaker Randall. The houses again met in joint convention, and the count proceeded until objection was offered by the Democrats to the vote of Henry A. Boggs of Pennsylvania, when a separation was had. The Senate voted against the objection, and the House took a recess until the 26th.....An injunction was granted against the ringing of the chimes of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, on the ground that their sound was a nuisance.....A horsethief named Cage was taken from jail by a masked mob and hanged at Alexandria, La.....Gen. John N. Cortina was arrested in Matamoras, Mexico, and it was believed that he would be court-martialed and shot.....The Molly Maguire prisoners Hester, Tully and Mc-Hugh, charged with the murder of Alex. Rea, were convicted at Bloomsburg, Pa., of murder in the first degree.....Mrs. Hiram Young, deserted by her husband, murdered her two children with an axe at Newark, Vt.....Miss Forney of Thomasville, N. C., was stated to have dropped dead from heart-disease while before the altar with the purpose of being married to William Thomas.....James Campbell of this city died from the effects of blows on the head received at the hands of Miss Lizzie Scanlon.....Gen. Porfirio Diaz was reported to have been elected President of Mexico in place of Lerdo, and all was stated to be peaceful.....Fires: Crane Co.'s saddlery and hardware factory, at New-ark, N. J.—loss $30,000, insured; Pierce & Taylor's Block, at Athol, Mass.—loss $12,000, partly insured .....Indians captured two cattle trains near Crook City, D. T., and killed two men named McGonigle and Riley.....The schooner Caroline Cornelia was wrecked near Beaver Tail, R. I.

***** Feb. 26: Fox's New American Theatre, Philadelphia, was entirely destroyed by fire, together with W. D. Rogers & Co.'s carriage manufactory; and the Mercantile Library was damaged by fire and water, losing a number of valuable books. Total loss, nearly $250,000, partially insured. Fire-marshal James Thompson, Secretary Bonafon and G. T. Newman, a member of the Insurance Patrol, were injured by falling walls and timbers.....Other fires: James Howell's building, Brooklyn, N. Y., occupied by John S. Lees as a manufactory of ladies' suits—loss about $19,000, fully insured; the New York Oil Company's store, this city—loss about $1,000.....The remains of Colonel John O'Mahony were escorted from the rooms of the Democratic Club, Cork, Ireland, to the Dublin railway station, about five thousand persons taking part in the procession.....Dick Holland was shot in the breast by Tom Harishorn at Cincinnati, O. .....Strikers attacked Cornish miners who were employed in their stead at Londonderry, N. S., a man named MacDougall being killed, and several others badly hurt.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, James E.—At different periods clerk at the St. Charles, Central, and new Seventh-avenue Hotels, Pittsburg, Pa., and the Kennard House, Cleveland, O.—Aiken, S. C., Feb. 21, aged 32.

BRAHAM, Hon. D. C.—An influential citizen of Indiana, and State Senator from Jefferson County—Indianapolis, Feb. 20.

BLAKE, Homer K. F.—Son of Capt. Homer C. Blake, U. S. Navy—this city, Feb 20, aged 22.

CONKLIN, Kate M.—Daughter of Capt. Edward Conklin—Jersey, N. J., Feb. 21.

CLARK, Alexander—A wealthy resident of Newark, N. J., and a partner in the Clark Thread Company—that city, Feb. 20, aged 40.

CONSER, Francis—Born in New Jersey about 1762, and died in the village of North Penn, Pa., a few days ago, aged 115.

DENISON, Andrew W.—For eight years past postmaster in Baltimore, Md. He entered the Union Army in 1862 as colonel of the Eighth Maryland Infantry, and at Laurel Hill lost an arm, besides being wounded at White Oak Ridge March 31, 1865. For gallantry at Laurel Hill he was brevetted brigadier-general, and for the same at White Oak Ridge he was brevetted major-general—Baltimore, Md., Feb. 24, aged 45.

DUNHAM, Dr. Carroll—A noted homœopathic physician—Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 18, aged 48.

DEMAREST, John J.—Junior member of the firm of Demarest & Johnson—Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 19.

EATON, Maj.-general Amos B.—A native of this State. He entered the Military Academy at West Point on July 1, 1822, and graduated on July 1, 1826. He served in the Florida, Mexican and Civil Wars, and on March 13, 1865, for "faithful, meritorious and distinguished services," was appointed a major-general by brevet. On May 1, 1874, he was placed on the retired list—New Haven, Ct., Feb. 21, aged 71.

FORDYCE, John—A veteran of the War of 1812—Orange, N. J., Feb. 17, aged 92.

FOX, Catherine—Mother of Alex. M. Fox, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, president of the Second and Third streets Railway Company of Philadelphia, and formerly a member of the Select Council from the Thirteenth Ward of that city. Her husband, John Fox, was formerly a well-known Drnkald preacher, and is still living, at the age of 91yrs.—Lamberton, N. J., Feb. 13, aged 88.

GOLDSBOROUGH, Rear-admiral Louis Malesherbes—Born in Washington, D. C., in February, 1805, and in 1812 was given a midshipman's warrant conditionally, his first orders into service being given in July, 1816, when he was ordered to the frigate Independence. His last service was as commandant of the Washington Navy-yard, and at his death the oldest officer of the Rear-admirals. From 1825 to 1827 he was in Paris, France, educating himself at his own expense, and the scientific knowledge he thus acquired was subsequently of marked service to the U. S. Government—Washington, D. C., Feb. 20, aged 72.

HANSON, Jonathan—One of the oldest inhabitants of Harlem, this city, where he was originally a pump-manufacturer forty years ago—there, about Feb. 20, aged 71.

HOLYOKE, Dr. Thomas—A leading physician of Grinnell, Iowa, which town he helped to found about twenty years ago. He was born in Brewster, Me., in 1818—Grinnell, about Feb. 24.

HAZARD, Elizabeth E.—Wife of R. L. Hazard, and daughter of the late Dr. Alpheus B. Clarke—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 20.

HILL, Dr. Milo W.—A resident of Buffalo, N. Y., since 1836. He was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y.—Buffalo, Feb. 25, aged 67.

JOHNS, Joseph—A fine marine and landscape painter in Philadelphia, and at one time janitor of its Academy of Fine Arts—there, Feb. 22, aged 44.

JENNINGS, Rev. John—A native of England, and pastor of the Belmont M. E. Church, West Philadelphia—there, Feb. 19, aged 30.

KEITH, Rev. Daniel—Pastor of St. Joseph's R. C. Church, Providence, R. I.—Thompsonville, Ga., Feb. 19.

KAPF, Sixtus Ludwig—A Wurtemburg revolutionist of 1848-9. As a resident of this city for nearly thirty years, he had ostered for the amusement of our German citizens, and among other places in which he had been interested were Germania Rooms, on the east side of the Bowery, above Houston street—this city, Feb. 21.

LORD, Mrs. Mary—Relict of Phineas Lord of Litchfield, Ct.—Jersey City, N. J

BASEBALL.

THE GENERAL PLAYERS OF 1876.
The Shortstops.

The important position of shortstop, outside the League nines, was not played up to the highest mark last season. Of course there were exceptions, but they were too few and far between to merit special comment. This position has become one requiring a very intelligent and capable player to fill it properly. Besides the ability to excel in rapid and accurate throwing, the pluck to face very hot "liners" and "grounders," and the judgment to get under and securely hold fly-balls falling towards left-field and short of the outfielder's position, there is required a special aptitude to study up the peculiarities of the batting side quickly and intelligently, so as to know at short notice how to be ready for the general class of balls likely to come from the side at the bat. To see a shortstop take up one regular position in the infield, no matter who it is that is at the bat, is to see a man play who will never excel in the position. Such shortstops as George Wright and Dick Pearce seldom occupy the same place in the field twice in a game. Sometimes you will see them close up towards third base, then playing almost at second base, then out towards left field, and then again close in near the pitcher. In other words, they watch the play at the bat all the time, and take up their position just as they calculate the batsman is going to hit. When a curved-line pitcher is on his pace, the shortstop goes in for general chances, for he knows that half the time the batsman only hits the ball by chance. When the pitcher sends in "dodgers"—one ball swift and another short—then he is prepared accordingly, to meet either a hot grounder from the pacers, or a high-fly from the short ones. All this requires intelligence of no small degree. A man must be prompt to perceive the situation, and just as prompt to act. This, and the absence of it, constitute the difference between ordinary fielding and first-class play in all the positions; but it is an especial feature in short-field play. The great drawback to the success of the shortstops in non-League nines in 1876 was the one which marks all co-operative teams, where there is no controlling power to enforce proper discipline and training. They would play in some games in fine style, and in others below the mark of second-class amateurs. They were apt to get huffy at trifles; to be put out of temper by pitchers; to take altogether too many "bad days," when they were off their play. This was, of course, the case in League nines at times, but not so frequently as in the other professional teams. One of the best—because thoroughly reliable—of the non-League club shortstops was Sammy Wright. We saw him play in fine style in several of the New Haven club games. Geer of the Stars is a sharp player in the position, and under good management would rank very high. Nelson is also a first-class player, but he has a bad temper. Say, too, did service in the position, as did Darley, McCabe, Burke, and some half-dozen others highly spoken of by local journals. The list of the prominent shortstops of the non-Leagues of 1876 is given below:

Player.	Club.	Locality.
Say	Ithaca	Ithaca.
Geer	Star	Syracuse.
McCabe	Chelsea	Brooklyn.
McAleer	Auburn	Auburn.
Womsley	Rochester	Rochester.
Brestnon	Enterprise	New York.
Dailey	Cricket	Binghamton.
Nelson	Alleghany	Pittsburg.
Ewell	Kleiber	Philadelphia.
Creamer	Neshannock	Newcastle.
Warren	Active	Reading.
Bidlack	Harrisburg	Harrisburg.
Sam Wright	New Haven	New Haven.
Dorrigan	Bridgeport	Bridgeport.
Morrie	Fall River	Fall River.
Williams	Live Oak	Lynn.
Macullar	Lowell	Lowell.
Bates	Taunton	Taunton.
Turbidy	Rhode Island	Providence.
Dolan	Olympic	Paterson.
Creamer	Rina	Detroit.
Bennett	Cass	Detroit.
Burke	Buckeye	Columbus.
Redman	St. Louis Reds	St. Louis.
Jenkins	Standard	Wheeling.
Raja	Red Stockings	Memphis.
Julian	Indianapolis	Indianapolis
Cummings	Star	Covington.
Curran	Centennial	San Francisco.
Horning	Tecumseh	London, Canada.
Keerl	Maple Leaf	Guelph, Canada.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The International Association of Professional Baseball Clubs was organized at the St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., on the night of February 20, 1877, on which occasion over twenty professional clubs were represented by delegates. The convention, however, did not include so many clubs as was anticipated, the Indianapolis, Memphis, Milwaukee and St. Paul not being represented. There is nothing in the Spalding sub-League rules to prevent a club belonging to both Associations, as the Chelseas of Brooklyn and Resolutes of Elizabeth do; and it is to the interest of every professional club to attach themselves to associations calculated to reduce the list of crooked players and revolvers. Out of the International and League Associations we hope to see one regular professional Association come to the front in 1877, with better rules than either of the existing Associations are now governed by. The new Association displayed a far more liberal spirit than did the League, as their adoption of the latter's rules and laws showed. The clubs represented at the convention were as follows:

Allentown of Allentown, Pa., ——.
Active of Reading, Pa., H. D. McKnight.
Allegheny of Allegheny, Pa., H. D. McKnight.
Alaska of New York, N. Y., A. B. Rankin.
Alpha of Reading, Pa.,
Buckeye of Columbus, O., J. A. Williams.
Clipper of Winona, Minn., E. Maschen.
Chelsea of Brooklyn, N. Y., A. B. Rankin.
Erie of Erie, Pa., Jas. Burns.
Essex of Buffalo, N. Y., H. D. McKnight.
Fairbanks of Chicago, Ill., L. Meachan.
Live Oak of Lynn, Mass., W. A. Cummings.
Manchester of Manchester, Mass., H. S. Clark.
Mountain City of Altoona, Pa., B. M. Crane.
Maple Leaf of Guelph, Canada, Geo. Sherman.
Renova of Renova, Pa.,
Resolute of Elizabeth, N. J., A. B. Rankin.
Rochester of Rochester, N. Y., N. T. Pond.
St. Louis Reds of St. Louis, Mo., C. W. Waite.
San Francisco of San Francisco, Cal., L. C. Waite.
Tecumseh of London, Canada, H. Gorman.

This is about half the number of professional clubs that will take the field in 1877. With such gentlemen as Messrs. Gorman and Sherman of Canada, Williams of Columbus, McKnight of Pittsburg, and Waite of St. Louis at the head of affairs, the Association should meet with success. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. G. Cummings, Lynn, Mass.; vice-president, Harry Gorman, Tecumseh, London, Ont.; secretary and treasurer, J. A. Williams of Columbus, O. Judiciary committee—D. H. McKnight, Allegheny; L. C. Waite, St. Louis Reds; N. T. Pond, Rochester, N. Y.; A. B. Rankin, Chelsea, N. Y.; and George Sherman, Maple Leaf, Guelph, Canada.

The Convention adopted the Maher dead ball, composed entirely of yarn and covered with leather. The playing code of rules of the League Association was adopted, thereby making one code of laws governing the game all over the country. The eighth rule—relative to scoring—was, however, properly amended; section 4 was left out, this section being absurd. The International Association constitution was modeled from that of the League, and the League Alliance agreement was adopted, except article No. 8, which provides for the settlement of disputes by the League Board, the Association properly leaving to its own judiciary committee the settlement of all questions between International clubs. The entry fee to the Association is $10, with $10 additional for going in for the championship. The price of admission was fixed at twenty-five cents, to be increased in contests with League nines, at the option of the clubs playing. It was agreed that the visiting club should receive half of the gross receipts whenever they should exceed $75; and should the gate-money fail to reach that figure, the resident organization shall make up the deficiency.

THE LEAGUE "CHICAGO" GAMES OF 1876.

The following is the record of the "Chicago" games which marked the League championship contest of 1876:

LOUISVILLE.

Hartford vs. Louisville..1 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Louisville..5 to 0
Hartford vs. Louisville..3 to 0 | Hartford vs. Louisville..6 to 0
Hartford vs. Louisville..3 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Louisville..7 to 0
St. Louis vs. Louisville..3 to 0 | Boston vs. Louisville..8 to 0
St. Louis vs. Louisville..3 to 0 | Athletic vs. Louisville..9 to 0
Hartford vs. Louisville..4 to 0 | Chicago vs. Louisville..10 to 0
Chicago vs. Louisville..4 to 0 | Chicago vs. Louisville..10 to 0

CINCINNATI.

Mutual vs. Cincinnati..1 to 0 | Louisville vs. Cincinnati..8 to 0
Mutual vs. Cincinnati..2 to 0 | Boston vs. Cincinnati..8 to 0
Boston vs. Cincinnati..2 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Cincinnati..10 to 0
Chicago vs. Cincinnati..6 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Cincinnati..11 to 0
Chicago vs. Cincinnati..6 to 0 | Hartford vs. Cincinnati..11 to 0
Hartford vs. Cincinnati..6 to 0

MUTUAL.

St. Louis vs. Mutual..2 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Mutual..9 to 0
Hartford vs. Mutual..3 to 0 | Chicago vs. Mutual..16 to 0
St. Louis vs. Mutual..3 to 0

ATHLETIC.

Louisville vs. Athletic..3 to 0 | Chicago vs. Athletic..7 to 0
St. Louis vs. Athletic..5 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Athletic..17 to 0

BOSTON.

Louisville vs. Boston..3 to 0 | Hartford vs. Boston..5 to 0
Louisville vs. Boston..3 to 0 | Chicago vs. Boston..15 to 0

HARTFORD.

St. Louis vs. Hartford..2 to 0 | St. Louis vs. Hartford..3 to 0
St. Louis vs. Hartford..2 to 0

CHICAGO.

St. Louis vs. Chicago..1 to 0 | Hartford vs. Chicago..3 to 0
St. Louis vs. Chicago..3 to 0

ST. LOUIS.

Hartford vs. St. Louis..6 to 0 | Louisville vs. St. Louis..11 to 0

It will be seen that St. Louis stands first on the list in having the fewest Chicago defeats, and Louisville last in having the most of these "whitewash" contests. The worst defeat of the kind was that sustained by the Athletics at the hands of the St. Louis nine, the second bad one being that given the Mutuals by the Chicago nine.

A FINE GAME IN BOSTON.

Taking advantage of the promise of unusually pleasant weather on Washington's Birthday (which promise was faithfully kept), the Bostons made arrangements for a game on their grounds with a picked nine. George Wright, Leonard, Murnan, Manning, Morrill, Brown and O'Rourke of the Reds, with Foley of the Bostons and Fisler of the Tecumsehs, took the field against a team composed of Sam Wright and Sullivan of the Lowells of '77, Harry Wright of the Bostons, Smith of the Cricketts of Binghamton, Piggott of the Fall Rivers, Macullar of the Lowells of '76, Callahan and Tierney of Our Boys, and Brandhan, a local player. Though somewhat soft and slippery, the grounds were in tolerable condition. An admission of ten cents was charged, about two hundred persons gathering to see the ball knocked about, and they were treated to a first-class contest, the boys playing remarkably well under the circumstances, though the batting was rather weak. Score:

BOSTON.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PICKED NINE	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s.s	4	0	0	1	3	Sullivan, c	4	0	1	9	3
Leonard, 1b	4	0	1	3	4	Smith, 2d b	4	0	2	1	0
Murnan, c. f	4	1	1	0	0	Pigott, 3d b	4	0	0	1	4
Manning, p	4	0	0	1	3	S. Wright, s.s	3	0	0	3	0
Morrill, 1st b	4	0	1	15	1	Macullar, l. f	3	1	1	1	0
Brown, c	4	0	1	4	5	Bresn'h'n, 1b	3	0	1	14	0
French, l. f	3	0	0	1	0	Callahan, p	3	0	1	0	3
Foley, r. f	4	0	0	1	0	Tierney, r. f	2	0	0	0	0
O'Rourke, 3d b	3	1	2	1	3	H. Wright, c. f	3	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	2	6	27	19	Totals	28	1	7	27	10

Boston ..... 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—2
Picked Nine ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Earned runs—Picked Nine, 1. Two-base hits—Leonard, Sullivan. Three-base hit—Smith, Macullar. First base on called balls—French, Tierney. First base on errors—Morrill, 2. Struck out (including third strike missed by catcher)—G. Wright, Morrill, Brown (2), French, Foley, Pigott 2, Macullar, Bresnahan. Balls called—on Foley, 2; Manning, 13; Callahan, 16. Strikes called—off Foley, 1; Manning, 10; Callahan, 5. Umpire, N. F. Fenno of Boston. Time, 1h. 43min.

The Princeton and Howard Clubs of Boston, Mass., made their first appearance on the ball-field this year Feb. 22, the game, which was played on the Back Bay Grounds, being won by the former; score, 19 to 14.

A PITCHER with six deliveries, who is also a good batter, advertises for an engagement.

THE INDIANAPOLIS CLUB.

Our Indianapolis correspondent, writing Feb. 24, says: "The baseball fever has begun already to agitate the Hoosiers. The Indianapolis Club intend to start on their Southern tour on the 3d of March. The fine weather of the past two weeks has given them opportunity to get into practice, and the familiar sounds are once more heard in the Baseball Park. There will be no games here, however, before April. The season will be opened some time during that month, the opening game to be with the St. Louis Browns. A change has taken place in the nine since last writing. Owing to some personal differences between himself and other members of the nine, Joe Miller, the second-baseman, tendered his resignation on Tuesday last, the same being accepted. In losing him they lose a first-class player, reliable in all respects except those occasional "off" days to which all players are subject. Joe led the batting list last season, and the general verdict was that he was as good as a board fence around second. He will not lack an engagement long. The place was immediately filled by the engagement of Quest of last season's Alleghenians, who has the reputation of being a first-class baseman and a hard hitter. Their Southern tour will take in the following places: Dallas (Texas), Austin, Houston, Galveston, New Orleans, Memphis, and St. Louis. At the latter place they will play the opening game with the Browns, who in town will come *here* to open the season; they will also play one or two games with the St. Louis Reds. Their suits have been changed, being dark-blue stockings, white pants, shirt white, after the Chicago pattern, with a large I in the centre, white cap with blue band, blue belt, and low-cut, brown leather shoes. Denny Mack will captain and manage the team."

The Lookout at Rochester, N. Y.—A correspondent writes from the Flour City under date of Feb. 22: "Manager Brackett of the Rochesters arrived in town last week, and is getting things in shape for his professional team. The Association is negotiating for new grounds, centrally located and easy of access; and, if successful in securing them, then, certainly, with new grounds, new nine, and new manager, we may reasonably expect victory to crown our efforts. Tipper has already put in an appearance, and Ed. Pond is giving him good practice in a large hall, which has been secured for that purpose. The remainder of the nine will soon be here, and Manager Brackett will immediately put them through a course of training, and have them in condition for the opening game. There may be some changes in the nine as reported, but, if any, it will be for the better. Mr. Brackett is positive that he has by far the best nine he ever handled, and, from his success elsewhere, we look forward to a grand success here. It has been suggested that the old Rochesters organize; and if they do, they will be able to make it lively for even our professional team. They have the material for an excellent nine, and I hope the boys will take the field; if they do, they will have plenty of supporters. The Alert Baseball Club, our champion junior club, have reorganized for the season, with Geo. B. Wesley as manager and secretary, and are open for games with any junior club in the country. They would be pleased to hear from all clubs of the junior class or others. Geneseo is awake to the importance of having a crack nine, and a professional team has been secured, with Wilbur of last year's Rochesters as pitcher—a good one, if well supported. From appearances, it will be very lively in this part of the State the coming season."

Trouble in Indianapolis.—There is a lack of that harmony which should pervade all well regulated baseball clubs in the camp of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Association, as appears from the following dispatch, dated Feb. 19:

A family row in the Indianapolis Baseball Club culminated to-day in a fight between Joe Miller, second-baseman, and Tom McSorley, pitcher, in which the latter was badly bruised about the frontispiece. The trouble resulted from a conspiracy to get Miller and Julian off the nine, and fill their places with Redmon of the St. Louis Red Stockings, and some other foreigner. The sentiment in baseball circles is in favor of keeping Miller and Julian in the nine.

The Active B. B. C. of Reading, Pa., have at last overcome their numerous difficulties of last season, and are making extensive preparations for an early reorganization. Several prominent citizens have the matter under consideration, and it is safe to say that this fine body of players will be under the control of a stock-company this year. Grounds have been secured on North Sixth street; and as soon as weather permits, work on fences, leveling, etc., will be commenced. Ressler, Fields, Heifer, Dillon and Warren of last year's nine will remain, leaving the positions of pitcher, first base, third base and right-field as yet unoccupied.

The Maple Leafs.—The correct names of players for the coming season with the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Ont., are as follows: Hastings, Sullivan, Lapham, Gillespie, Dixon, Craver, T. Smith, Welsh, W. Smith and Hewer. The directors will have a new fence raised about their beautiful grounds at the opening of the season. Much interest is taken in Canada with regard to coming contests between Guelph and London, the latter having a strong club.

The Canadian Champion Club of 1876.—The Tecumsehs of London will place the following strong team in the field this coming season: Powers, c., of the Tecumseh of 1876; Goldsmith, p., of the Tecumseh of 1876; Bradley, 1st b., of the Bostons, change pitcher; Somerville, 2d b., of the Louisville: Doscher, 3d b., of the Buckeyes; Knowdell, s. s., of the New Haven and Auburns; Horning, l. f., of the Tecumseh of 1876; Dinning, c. f., of the Tecumseh of 1876; Hunter, r. f., of the Tecumseh of 1876.

The Rhode Island Club intend to enter the field again the coming season, and all communications intended for them should be addressed to C. R. Dennis, secretary, lockbox 1,252, Providence, R. I.

The Manchester (N. H.) Association have engaged Ed. Mincher for left-field. He is a very promising player from Baltimore, Md. This completes the nine.

AQUATIC.

Iceboat Sailing.—A non-active members' race for second-class iceboats took place at New Hamburg, N. Y., Feb. 19. The course was from above the dock, one and a half miles north and return, the same to be gone over four times, making twelve miles in all, and the contestants were Irving Grinnell's Whiff, Mr. Hughes' Dart, and C. A. Leroy's Qui Vive. The Dart went off with a good lead, but was left behind by both the other vessels before the mile-and-a-half turn was made, the Whiff leading the Qui Vive by five seconds at that point, and the one second and ten seconds respectively at the three-mile and three-mile-and-a-half turns. Thereafter no alteration in their relative positions occurred; but the distances separating the racers increased, the Whiff ultimately winning by 1m. 45s. in 35m.

The People's Choice.—Robert A. Liddell, whose name is familiar to the readers of this column as that of an ardent admirer and supporter of rowing and other athletic sports, was last week elected Mayor of Pittsburg, Pa. He was the Democratic candidate, but received the votes of a large number of the opposite political faith, being personally very popular. After the race between Renforth's crew and the Biglin Brothers, at Lachine, Canada, in 1870, Mr. Liddell purchased the winning shell, which he afterwards disposed of to Dick Risdon, by whom it was bought for the Ward Brothers, who with it won the great international race on Saratoga Lake the following year.

The Yale Crew as at present composed is as follows: William W. Collins (captain), Peter Van, N. Y., and Elbridge C. Cooke, Worcester, Mass., Senior Class; William K. James, Hamburg, Iowa, Junior; Frank E. Hyde, Hartford, Ct., Herman Livingston, New York City, and Oliver D. Thompson, Butler, Pa., Sophomore; John W. Westcott, Law School; Gerald Hart, New Britain, Ct., Scientific. John P. Clarke, New York City, Junior, is the substitute. It is not unlikely that changes may be made in the composition of the crew ere the time for the aquatic struggle arrives.

Robert Newell, the veteran oarsman, who commenced his career as such about 1835, and in his time contended against such good 'uns as Bob Coombs and Harry Clasper, died at Bermondsey, London, England, Feb. 4, from cancered liver. He was sixty-six years of age.

Mr. Dana has resigned the position of coach to the Harvard eight, and is succeeded by Mr. Loring, '78.

Henry Laundrie has withdrawn from the City Point crew of Boston, Mass.

LIARD ITEMS.

Returned Home.—Thomas Soby, for six months past manager of Daniel K. Reamy's room, Holidaysburg, Pa., has again taken up his residence in Philadelphia.

R. J. Hunter vs. W. L. Rockhill.—These Philadelphia experts are announced to play for a purse of $50 at Memorial Hall, that city, on March 1.

Andrew Stark.—After a long absence from billiards, this veteran player has been placed in charge of Norton's room, this city.

Schafer and C. Dion are to play 300 up at the Hippodrome Billia d Parlor, this city, Feb. 28.

Amateur Athletics.—The meeting promoted by J. Marion Pollock, and which is to take place at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, on Thursday evening, March 1, promises great sport, the candidates for fame in the several competitions being plentiful, and generally of good stock, as witness the following: Mile walk, 16 entries; 3-mile walk, 20; 75yds. run, 22; 440yd. run, 27; 880yd. run, 11; mile run, 13; running high jump, 9; running wide jump, 11; putting the shot, 10; 120yds. hurdle-race, 5.

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NEW YORK HACKMAN.
Edward Harrigan as DAN DALY. Tony Hart as MAD AMS SILLSBURY.
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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, LAST MATINEE.
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The company at the Grand Opera-house, on New-Year's Night, made a presentation of a handsome amethyst ring and a round of resolutions to Mr. John Hammond, the stage-manager, who is the youngest man holding the position in America. The presentation was made by Mr. William L. Street, and among others present were the KIRALFY BROTHERS, Mr. E. M. Collier, MESSRS. JARRETT & PALMER, Miss Annie Kemp Bowler, and a number of other ladies.—ARCADIAN.
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The German Fifth, The Dutch Boarding-houses, Pins and Needles by the Dozen, My Wife is Awfully Stout, Don't Make a Noise, or Else You'll Wake the Baby, Something in the City, I'm Poor, but a Gentleman Still, Behind the Scenes. Also the following: My Jersey Queen, song-and-dance; Little German Home Across the Sea, by Charley Collins; Maginnis Guard, march song, by W. H. Brockway; Elopement, by Sol Smith Russell; Pretty Peggy, song-and-dance, Pat Rooney's. Price 35cts. each, or any four songs mailed post-paid for $1.
49-2t LOUIS P. GOULLAUD, 86 Tremont st., Boston.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM
COLUMBUS, OHIO. 49-1t*

CHAS. L. HOWARD,
ATHENÆUM
COLUMBUS, OHIO. 49-1t*

NEW BOYLSTON MUSEUM
AND STAR NOVELTY THEATRE,
667 Washington street, - - - - - - Boston, Mass.
G. E. LOTHROP.....Manager and Proprietor
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GEO. KURTZ.....Stage-manager
GOOD PERFORMERS IN ANY BRANCH OF THE BUSINESS MAY APPLY FOR DATES.
THEY CAN PLAY ANYWHERE ELSE IN THIS CITY PREVIOUS TO APPEARING HERE, SHOULD THEY CHOOSE.
It would cause no difference to our business, as the house is crowded at every performance.
MAKE YOUR DATES ELSEWHERE FOR ALL THE MONEY YOU CAN GET, then come to us when you please, even if it's the week immediately succeeding. Our steady success permits no feeling of rivalry or jealousy.
ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.
D. L. (Dutch) MORRIS,
PROF. AND BABY BINDLEY,
MLLE. ZITTELLA, McDERMOTT SISTERS,
RUSSELL BROTHERS,
MISS FANNY HERRING, MISS NELLIE BROOKS,
MISS EVELINE CONSTANTINE,
MISS VIROLO FARRAND, MISS SUSIE ROBINSON.
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ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED ABILITY DESIRING DATES, APPLY TO
CARLISLE & CAVERLY, Agents,
46-4t 141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE WINNETTS,
THOMAS AND LOTTIE,
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GEORGE AND LIZZIE,
VOCALISTS AND SKETCH ARTISTS,
CARLISLE & CAVERLY, Agents,
141 Eighth st., N. Y.

MLLE. VELLEFEZ,
THE LADY WITH THE IRON JAW.
In addition to her wonderful performances she accomplishes her Great Slide

'MINGIE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Little Mingie welcomes me
With kiss and tender greeting,
Unconsciously confessing, thus,
Her happiness at meeting;
All the weary, irksome strife
Of the world dispelling,
While the pure founts of love
To my heart are welling.

Some say Mingie loves me not,
That her kindly glances—
Though apparently sincere
As her pretty face is—
Are but dainty little ways,
Which, though reassuring,
Meaning simply friendship, are
Painfully alluring.

She has recreated me
With her friendship votive—
Made for me a higher aim,
Nobler, purer motive.
Love or friendship? Though again
I may ne'er caress her,
Still for her winsome sake of love
I can but murmur "Bless her!"

LUVIN.

BOSTON TOM;
OR,
THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROFESSOR LETS HIS LODGINGS.

It was almost two months after the dreadful day at St. Ethelred's when the quiet of Yendo street was disturbed by the clattering of a cab on the stones. It stopped at the Professor's, and the occupants, consisting of a lady and gentleman, with an old man of seafaring aspect, knocked at the door. To Madame Lemire's intense surprise, they asked for lodgings.

Lodgings! she remembered their first venture in that line of business, and went in search of the Professor. The Professor, then engaged in teaching the youngest, aged two and a half, his earliest steps, also remembered that disastrous episode in their life, and hesitated. The lady, who was a young lady, spoke for the party.

"We are easily satisfied," she said. "We shall want three bedrooms and a sitting-room, but we require very little attendance. We will give you a week in advance."

The Professor, respectable lawyer, and we will pay the rent—and the rent three months—born was in three minutes the party was upstairs, and madame, who Nettie, was devising means of stowing away the displaced children.

Meantime the Professor went in search of the lawyer referred to. As for his lodgers—who gave the name of Mr. and Miss Elwood and Mr. Croil—the lawyer knew all about Miss Elwood. The young lady's father had died in Australia, at the diggings. But his little house and garden, now in the centre of a city, suddenly became great, and sold for a large sum. Yes, Mr. Lemire might depend on Miss Elwood. It was odd that he named Miss Elwood, and never spoke of her brother; but that, after all, was nothing; and the Professor went back with a light heart and a full assurance of his rent for a whole year to come.

He found Miss Elwood sitting among the children, and at home with all of them; and it was very funny, the children said, that when Ruth came in she kissed her at once, and said: "You are Ruth Warneford," and then shook hands with her. Because, they said, how should she know Ruth, when she did not know Nettie?

In a few days the new lodgers were so far settled in the house that they seemed to form a part of the family. The elder man, Croil by name—who slept on the second floor, and took two of the boys to share his room when he found that they would otherwise have to sleep on the landing—was clearly an ancient mariner. He dressed in navy-blue, and wore a fur cap of curious and seagoing cut. He was a little man, with soft and dreamy eyes of a light-blue, and with a very quiet manner of speaking. He generally carried in his left hand a cake of tobacco, with an open knife in his right, and he cut the tobacco slowly as he went. At regular intervals he smoked—once before breakfast, once after, once on the point of eight bells, once after dinner, once towards tea-time and once after, once before supper and once after. "But not," as he remarked to young Rupert Lemaire, the eldest born, "not to be forever with a pipe in your mouth, as if you might be the stove of a lighter. That's not the way, my lad, for them as earns their bread upon blue water." He used the pavement of the street at such times as it did not form a promenade or smoking-saloon. When it did rain he took himself to his own room—a place which the children soon learned to regard as the home of all unimaginable delights; and they called him, after the first day, Ben, by his special request. The last pipe of the day Ben took in the first-floor front with the other new members of the party.

They were a quiet pair. The man, about thirty years of age, looked older by reason of the scattered gray hairs in his full brown beard and the crow's-feet round his eyes. Across his forehead nature or some trouble had drawn a deep long line; the hair had fallen from his temples, leaving a high and open brow; his lips were flexible and mobile, but they were hidden by his heavy moustache and beard; his eyes were hazel, and had a dreamy, far-off look, with a gaze as of one who waits and expects; his voice was low, and he spoke seldom.

His sister, unlike him in so much unlike him that you would not have been able to trace even a faint family resemblance—resembled him in one respect, that her eyes, which were large and of a hazel tint, had the same far-off look, and in repose gazed out upon space like her brother's, as if waiting and expecting. She was tall, and of such a figure as the Graces love; her head, crowned with its glory of brown hair, was of such a shape as Canova would have desired for a model; her face outlined as if by some poet inspired with the sister art of painting.

It was a face born for mirth and gayety; but the gayety had gone out of it, and left it prematurely grave. A look of care dwelt upon it forever, save when she turned her eyes upon her brother, and then the sweetest smile lit up her features and effaced the lines of trouble round her mouth.

Observant members of the Lemire household made out, in addition to their personal note, a few other prominent facts as regards their lodgers. One was that they seemed all three utterly careless as regarded their food. On washing-days—that is, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when the mother of the family and the maid-of-all-work were engaged with the linen of the household—they accepted, not murmuring, such a waiter-down nurture, cold boiled mutton, with or without potatoes; they drank nothing but tea, coffee or milk, except Ben, who, once a day, towards the evening, visited the nearest public-house, with an empty pannikin, which he brought back full. They went out, the brother and sister, a good deal in the daytime, and at night they always sat side by side, with joined hands, before the fire, looking into it. Ben Croil at such times sat with them, his legs gathered up under his chair, his head against the wall, sound asleep. Sometimes in the morning, too, the pair would sit silently for hours together. Once Rupert Lemaire, the eldest son, heard the lady say, after one of their long silences:

"George, if Boston Tom is living anywhere in the world we must find him. If he is dead, we must find who and what he was."

And on another occasion Nettie Lemire, going to make the lodger's bed, saw her on her knees by the bedside in an agony of tears, crying passionately: "O Lord! how long?"

There was only one other thing remarkable about the new lodgers, which was the way in which Miss Elwood sought Ruth Warneford's society. Now, at this time Ruth was melancholy by reason of her shattered love-affair, and would fain have sat in silence; but she could not decline the invitations which Miss Elwood showered upon her to dine with her, take tea with her, to sit with her, to walk with her. And it was difficult to resist the kindness with which these invitations were offered, and the sympathy with which the girl was gradually encouraged to respond to these advances. Little by little Ruth found herself talking with Miss Elwood—Helen, as she called her—as if she had been her oldest friend. Besides, the room upstairs was a retreat from the chatter of the children, and a quiet evening with her new friends rested her after a hard day's work at teaching.

They got into the habit of sitting together, talking in a low voice to each other, while Mr. Elwood, a restless man, paced up and down the room in silence; and they talked as if he were not there, because he never spoke, and never seemed to listen.

And on Sunday afternoon Helen Elwood held the girl a thing which made her heart leap up, and brought such joy to her as she thought could never come again.

It was a very quiet Sunday afternoon. After dinner old Ben might be heard marching up and down the pavement of the street, on the sunny side, where the wall was not felt, with which he was Rupert Lemire, and they were discoursing—that is, Ben was discoursing—on ships and storms and sailors' lives afloat. Helen and Ruth sat by the fire, the latter lying with her head on the elder girl's knees. Mr. Elwood sat in the window, silent and grave, looking at the group of two.

"And you are quite alone, poor child?" Helen asked. "No brothers, no sisters?"

"I had a brother once," said the girl, coloring painfully. "But he—he—went away eight years ago, and I have never seen him since. Poor George—poor dear George!"

She laid her cheek on the hand of her new friend. Helen felt the tears fall fast.

Do not speak of it if it pains you," she went on, glancing at her brother, who sat rigid, pale, and with trembling lips.

"Yes, let me tell you all, and then you will not say that I have deceived you. Listen. We were so happy, George and I together—only we two, you know. In the evening he came home from the city, and I used to make the tea, though I was such a little thing. There never was so kind a brother, nor such a good man; because now, you see, I know what young men sometimes are. Oh, me! How cruel it all is to think of! For our happy life was suddenly stopped."

She paused a moment, while Helen soothed and caressed her.

"They said he forged Mr. Baldwin's name, and robbed him of his money. How can I believe it, Helen? If it was true, what did he do with the money? And yet—and yet—I once went to a place that I heard of in the city, and looked in a file of *The Times* till I found the report of his trial; and it was all so clear! He must have done it. And still I cannot believe it of my brother; for he was so steady and so true."

"And you have never heard anything of him at all?"

"Never anything at all," the girl said. "I do not know where he is, or if he is living."

"His name was George—George Warneford?" Helen replied slowly. "My dear, I think I can tell you something—not much—about him. And that little is good. There could not be two George Warnefords in Sydney at the same time. It is three years ago and more that I knew of a prisoner of that name. He was a young man of five-and-twenty."

"George's age—he is ten years older than I."

"A prisoner for forgery ——"

"Yes, yes."

"Who obtained his release and a free pardon for a noble deed he did."

"O George, my brother! tell me what he did."

"He risked his life to save the lives of others; there was a mutiny in the prison, and murder. Desperate men—made more desperate by the knowledge that their revolt was hopeless—had the lives of the prison-wardens in their hands; in a few minutes it would have been all over with them. This prisoner—this brave man, who was convicted by a unanimous jury, after five minutes' consultation, for a wicked and treacherous act, my dear—faced almost certain death to save them. He did save them, and they released him for his reward."

Ruth seized her hand and kissed it.

"Go on, Helen; tell me more."

"I have very little more to tell you. But if it will comfort you, I will tell you what the prison doctor said to him when he left. He said, Ruth, that his trial showed the clearest case against him that ever was made out against any man, but that his life and character belied the circumstantial evidence. He said he believed him innocent."

Ruth gave a great gasp.

"Innocent? Oh, if it were only so! What would matter all our sorrow and all his suffering, if only he were innocent?"

"Mind, George Warneford always said that he was innocent. The doctor was the first to believe it. Afterwards, I have heard that others also believed him innocent."

"Why does he not write to me? Why does he not come home to me?"

"Perhaps he does not know where you are; perhaps he does not know how you would receive him. For, Lizzie, your brother has lost the most precious jewel of life—his honor."

"But since he is innocent ——"

"How does he know that his sister loves him still? Who has written to him out there to tell him so?"

"Can I ever cease to love him? O Helen! if he were to stand before me this very moment, and hold out his arms, I should be more happy than I have been all these eight years that I have lost him."

In the window, in the shades of the early December evening then darkening the room, the very man of whom they spoke sat still and upright. But his hands trembled, and his face was distorted by some violent passion. Helen looked towards him, and made a gesture of invitation, but he shook his head. Then she spoke again to the weeping girl.

"If he came to you a beggar in reputation, an outcast of society, heavily laden with the weight of these years of disgrace ——"

"Unmerited disgrace," she said.

"With nothing to say to you but that he was innocent—you would love him and cling to him against all the world, against Mr. Baldwin, against the kind people of this house?"

"Ah!" said Ruth, "I have but one brother. You have told me that he is innocent and brave. I am proud of my poor brother."

"And if he came to you, bearing in his hands the proofs of his innocence, what then, Ruth?"

"It would be too much happiness," she sighed. "Helen, why have you sought me out to tell me this story? I know—I know—that you are keeping something back. You have come to this poor lodging to see me—me. I am sure of it. You have come with a message from my brother. Tell me me, Helen, dear!"

"Yes, dear!"

my brother and I—no, guessed. We have come—come in your brother's name and his—to see you. We behalf. We have a task before us—to establish, if we can, his innocence. There is but a slender, a very slender hope of our doing that. But, O Ruth! believe it with all your heart; cling to it as to an anchor; thank God for it every morning and every night. He is innocent—George Warneford did not commit this wicked thing. We are trying to prove it, but we may not succeed. And whether we succeed or not, you shall be restored to your brother."

Ruth was silent again, thinking. Then she lifted her eyes, bright with tears.

"You know him, then?"

"I know him, dear Ruth."

"Tell me what he is like."

Helen glanced at her brother.

"He is greatly changed from what you remember him. To begin with, he is eight years older, and he has suffered. You would not know him. Try not to fancy what he is like, but think of him now and always as a good and honorable man, who has had to endure a grievous wrong."

"I will—I will. And, Helen, why do you and your brother try to do him this great service?"

Helen did not blush as she replied, taking the girl's face in her hands and kissing her:

"Because, my dear, I love him, and I hope to be your sister."

"My sister? You will marry him? And he loves you? O Helen!"

"Yes," she replied, looking at her brother; "he loves me. The most patient, the most deeply injured, the most honorable man, the kindest and noblest heart in all the world, loves me. Ought I not to be a proud and happy woman, dear? And you must love me too."

Ruth threw herself into her new sister's arms, crying and laughing. It was too much for her, this great and new-found happiness.

"Hush, dear! Hush, my dear," said Helen. "I have told you too suddenly. There—lay your head upon my shoulder and calm yourself."

She went on talking in a soft voice at intervals.

"We must keep our secret to ourselves. Not even the Professor must know. Only you and I must work at this difficulty ourselves—you and I and my brother—we three. I will tell you to-morrow what we have to find out, and you must help us. We shall be very happy in the years to come." She looked again at her brother. "You and I and George—all three together. Happy, whatever happens; happy, if we have to keep all to ourselves the knowledge of his innocence; happy, if the world never restores to him his honor again. We must live for one another, dear. You must think of meeting him, Ruth, as if you were meeting a soldier coming home from victory. For he has had a fierce fight, and has escaped unwounded. He has been in the very depths of sin, among the most evil men in the world, and has come out pure of heart. We are here, we three, to win back his honor or to sustain him; and you will do your part?"

As the girl lay with her face buried in Helen's bosom, and Hermione's round her neck, the man in the window rose and stepped noiselessly to bend over the pair, his eyes full of love. Helen turned her face upwards and met his lips with hers, while with a hand that trembled he stroked the long hair which lay on Helen's shoulder, and belonged, not to her, but to Ruth Warneford.

Then began a cling-clanging of the city bells for evening service. From almost every street there came the ringing, loud and discordant, or sweet and musical, of the multitudinous city churches—a voice of invitation to tens of thousands where there were only hundreds to hear it.

Then Ruth lifted her head, and rose. She looked about her strangely, trying to bring her thoughts back to their usual channel.

"I must go to church," she said. "I play the organ at St. Ethelred's. I must go to church."

She did not look fit to go to church, for her eyes were dazed and her hands trembled.

"I will go with you," said Helen. "Let me play for you to-night."

"Yes, yes," the girl cried, "we will go together. I shall be able to play as soon as I begin. The organ soothes, and we will pray together, you and I, side by side, O my sister! for George." She turned to the man. "You will come, too, Mr. Elwood, will you not? You know him and you love him, or else you would not have traveled all this way with Helen. Come with us to the church."

"I will come," he answered. Why did he bow his head and sink upon a chair?

"My mind is full of my brother," said Ruth; "George is every where to-night. I heard his voice in yours, Mr. Elwood; his voice that I thought never to hear again. Let us go to the church."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CASTLE OF AYMON,
Or the Four Brothers.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

It is a Gothic hall, gloomy, dusty, deserted, and bright only at the windows, where the French sun and clear, blue sky, framed in by the heavy windows, appear as quite pictures. It is daybreak, and the birds are chirruping happily. Now a feeble step might be heard, and, if the walls of the old place could see, they would mark the arrival of an old, feeble, but cheery-looking man. He mutters to himself as he hobbles, after the manner of solitary age:

"Yes—yes; I have kept the secret, and no one has learnt how poor my masters are. Ha! the gate-horn sounds—and let it. No one enters here, as well my wife knows."

But at this moment, looking through one of the windows, he saw a woman, old as himself, who was shuffling towards the portal.

"Ho there, Gertrude! Open not the gate!" Good! she turns; and the honor of the house of Aymon is once more saved."

"Well, well, well!" said the old woman, tottering into the hall. "'Twas some poor traveler wanting shelter!"

"Shelter! We are not rich enough to offer shelter to a sparrow. Would you undo all my work? Have I not, ever since the death of my late noble master, the Duke D'Aymon, been plotting and planning, by night and by day, to keep the knowledge of our poverty from the neighborhood for twenty miles round?"

"Bah!" cries the old woman; "and do you think the neighbors for twenty miles round do not guess the truth."

"No—they are too honest; and if we have been half-starved, they have not seen our pinched faces. But to-day, though, however, there will be a change. Yes, Gertrude, this is the day—the joyful day—fixed for the return of the four sons of my late glorious master. After the year of absence which was enjoined them by their noble father, to-day the precious chest is to be opened, which contains the heritage of the four sons of Aymon. We shall have gold—gold, wife, in plenty! The old banners will be raised once more, the servants will be re-engaged, a garrison re-enlisted, and the honor of our family name will be sustained."

And now again the horn slung at the castle-gate was blown.

"Ha!" cried the old seneschal; "that is the blast which proves that one or more of my master's sons has already returned home. Quick—quick, and unbar the gate!"

The old fellow was right in some degree, but not wholly; for the arrivals comprised all four sons of the old Duke, who had died that day twelve months previously. The eldest was named Olivier; the second, Allard; the third, Richard; the youngest, Renaud. They were all handsome, courtly young cavaliers, with not five years difference between Olivier and Renaud, and all bearing arms.

Poor old Ivon, the high steward of nothing at all, was quite unable to receive his young masters standing.

Olivier spoke to him first.

"You see, old friend," he said, addressing Ivon, "not one of us has neglected the meeting. All four have paid attention to the last words of our father, and within the same hour we have all arrived at our ancestral castle."

"'Tis well done, my noble masters!" said the steward; "and Heaven will bless you with prosperity for so faithfully obeying the behests of your dead father, the last Duke!"

"Where is the chest?" asked Renaud.

"There is no occasion to be in such a hurry," said Olivier, the eldest. "We were not to open it before midday—our father left strict orders to that effect, you know."

"Then let us pass the time in eating, for I am one who is hungry."

The four brothers were quite agreed upon this point; and they were equally disturbed when good Ivon admitted that there was nothing in the larder. Alas! there was just as much money in all the pouches and pockets of the four pilgrim brothers.

"By my halidame!" here cried Ivon, "I will never have you say that you kept hungry on the very day of your coming home. I will get me down to the village, and find means to levy a dinner on some one or other of the vassals without disgracing our escutcheon."

The good fellow being gone, the light-pursed and lighter-hearted brothers fell to talking; and they learnt that each had met a very beautiful damsel with whom he had fallen in love for life. The time passed rapidly, telling their adventures to each other, and they were still babbling when the neirest convent-bell sounded midday, and they were at liberty to open the wonderful chest. Alas! when the lid was thrown back the chest was filled with old arms and armor, upon the top of which lay a folded parchment. Olivier, as the eldest, opened the parchment, when he read as follows:

"MY DEAR SONS.—It would have been too cruel to have inflicted on you in one day the loss of your father and the news of our total ruin. 'Twas to avoid this that I ordered you to travel for twelve months. By that time you will have become somewhat more inured to privation, and be more capable of bearing your loss with equanimity. I do not fear now to avow to you that all my possessions are the old Castle of Aymon, a name without reproach, and—I believe it with all your hearts; cling to it as to an anchor; thank God for it every morning and every night. He is innocent—George Warneford did not commit this wicked thing. We are trying to prove it, but we may not succeed. And whether we succeed or not, you shall be restored to your brother."

Ruth was silent again, thinking. Then she lifted her eyes, bright with tears.

"You know him, then?"

"I know him, dear Ruth."

"Tell me what he is like."

Helen glanced at her brother.

"He is greatly changed from what you remember him. To begin with, he is eight years older, and he has suffered. You would not know him. Try not to fancy what he is like, but think of him now and always as a good and honorable man, who has had to endure a grievous wrong."

"I will—I will. And, Helen, why do you and your brother try to do him this great service?"

Helen did not blush as she replied, taking the girl's face in her hands and kissing her:

"Because, my dear, I love him, and I hope to be your sister."

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"Shelter! We are not rich enough to offer shelter to a sparrow. Would you undo all my work? Have I not, ever since the death of my late noble master, the Duke D'Aymon, been plotting and planning, by night and by day, to keep the knowledge of our poverty from the neighborhood for twenty miles round?"

"Bah!" cries the old woman; "and do you think the neighbors for twenty miles round do not guess the truth."

"No—they are too honest; and if we have been half-starved, they have not seen our pinched faces. But to-day, though, however, there will be a change. Yes, Gertrude, this is the day—the joyful day—fixed for the return of the four sons of my late glorious master. After the year of absence which was enjoined them by their noble father, to-day the precious chest is to be opened, which contains the heritage of the four sons of Aymon. We shall have gold—gold, wife, in plenty! The old banners will be raised once more, the servants will be re-engaged, a garrison re-enlisted, and the honor of our family name will be sustained."

And now again the horn slung at the castle-gate was blown.

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The old fellow was right in some degree, but not wholly; for the arrivals comprised all four sons of the old Duke, who had died that day twelve months previously. The eldest was named Olivier; the second, Allard; the third, Richard; the youngest, Renaud. They were all handsome, courtly young cavaliers, with not five years difference between Olivier and Renaud, and all bearing arms.

Poor old Ivon, the high steward of nothing at all, was quite unable to receive his young masters standing.

Olivier spoke to him first.

"You see, old friend," he said, addressing Ivon, "not one of us has neglected the meeting. All four have paid attention to the last words of our father, and within the same hour we have all arrived at our ancestral castle."

"'Tis well done, my noble masters!" said the steward; "and Heaven will bless you with prosperity for so faithfully obeying the behests of your dead father, the last Duke!"

"Where is the chest?" asked Renaud.

"There is no occasion to be in such a hurry," said Olivier, the eldest. "We were not to open it before midday—our father left strict orders to that effect, you know."

"Then let us pass the time in eating, for I am one who is hungry."

The four brothers were quite agreed upon this point; and they were equally disturbed when good Ivon admitted that there was nothing in the larder. Alas! there was just as much money in all the pouches and pockets of the four pilgrim brothers.

"By my halidame!" here cried Ivon, "I will never have you say that you kept hungry on the very day of your coming home. I will get me down to the village, and find means to levy a dinner on some one or other of the vassals without disgracing our escutcheon."

The good fellow being gone, the light-pursed and lighter-hearted brothers fell to talking; and they learnt that each had met a very beautiful damsel with whom he had fallen in love for life. The time passed rapidly, telling their adventures to each other, and they were still babbling when the nearest convent-bell sounded midday, and they were at liberty to open the wonderful chest. Alas! when the lid was thrown back the chest was filled with old arms and armor, upon the top of which lay a folded parchment. Olivier, as the eldest, opened the parchment, when he read as follows:

"MY DEAR SONS.—It would have been too cruel to have inflicted on you in one day the loss of your father and the news of our total ruin. 'Twas to avoid this that I ordered you to travel for twelve months. By that time you will have become somewhat more inured to privation, and be more capable of bearing your loss with equanimity. I do not fear now to avow to you that all my possessions are the old Castle of Aymon, a name without reproach, and—I believe it with all your hearts; cling to it as to an anchor; thank God for it every morning and every night. He is innocent—George Warneford did not commit this wicked thing. We are trying to prove it, but we may not succeed. And whether we succeed or not, you shall be restored to your brother."

Ruth was silent again, thinking. Then she lifted her eyes, bright with tears.

"You know him, then?"

"I know him, dear Ruth."

"Tell me what he is like."

Helen glanced at her brother.

"He is greatly changed from what you remember him. To begin with, he is eight years older, and he has suffered. You would not know him. Try not to fancy what he is like, but think of him now and always as a good and honorable man, who has had to endure a grievous wrong."

"I will—I will. And, Helen, why do you and your brother try to do him this great service?"

Helen did not blush as she replied, taking the girl's face in her hands and kissing her:

"Because, my dear, I love him, and I hope to be your sister."

"My sister? You will marry him? And he loves you? O Helen!"

"Yes," she replied, looking at her brother; "he loves me. The most patient, the most deeply injured, the most honorable man, the kindest and noblest heart in all the world, loves me. Ought I not to be a proud and happy woman, dear? And you must love me too."

Ruth threw herself into her new sister's arms, crying and laughing. It was too much for her, this great and new-found happiness.

"Hush, dear! Hush, my dear," said Helen. "I have told you too suddenly. There—lay your head upon my shoulder and calm yourself."

She went on talking in a soft voice at intervals.

"We must keep our secret to ourselves. Not even the Professor must know. Only you and I must work at this difficulty ourselves—you and I and my brother—we three. I will tell you to-morrow what we have to find out, and you must help us. We shall be very happy in the years to come." She looked again at her brother. "You and I and George—all three together. Happy, whatever happens; happy, if we have to keep all to ourselves the knowledge of his innocence; happy, if the world never restores to him his honor again. We must live for one another, dear. You must think of meeting him, Ruth, as if you were meeting a soldier coming home from victory. For he has had a fierce fight, and has escaped unwounded. He has been in the very depths of sin, among the most evil men in the world, and has come out pure of heart. We are here, we three, to win back his honor or to sustain him; and you will do your part?"

As the girl lay with her face buried in Helen's bosom, and Hermione's round her neck, the man in the window rose and stepped noiselessly to bend over the pair, his eyes full of love. Helen turned her face upwards and met his lips with hers, while with a hand that trembled he stroked the long hair which lay on Helen's shoulder, and belonged, not to her, but to Ruth Warneford.

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"My mind is full of my brother," said Ruth; "George is every where to-night. I heard his voice in yours, Mr. Elwood; his voice that I thought never to hear again. Let us go to the church."

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"Yes—yes; I have kept the secret, and no one has learnt how poor my masters are. Ha! the gate-horn sounds—and let it. No one enters here, as well my wife knows."

But at this moment, looking through one of the windows, he saw a woman, old as himself, who was shuffling towards the portal.

"Ho there, Gertrude! Open not the gate!" Good! she turns; and the honor of the house of Aymon is once more saved."

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ONLY A BRAKEMAN KILLED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEO. E. WOLSEY.

Only a brakeman killed—
Done by the cars;
For him all joys of life are o'er,
Its cares and jars.
Made in the image of his God,
What shape is there
Of what was once a mother's pride
And londest care?

Only a brakeman killed—
Just one more slain;
A wife and fatherless children,
Whose grief is vain.
And a sister, too, may miss him—
Her pride and joy;
Perchance a sweetheart mourns the loss
Of her dear boy.

Only a brakeman killed—
And none may mourn
O'er the poor and lifeless remnants,
Bloody and torn;
He died at his post of duty,
A hero brave;
But, being *only* a brakeman, fills
A nameless grave.

Only a brakeman killed—
But God is just,
And to Him the *soul* is precious
From mangled dust;
No matter whether our stations
Are great or small,
Beyond the *grave* we are equals—
Brakeman with all.

Danville, Ill.

DOWN SOUTH.

LEAVES FROM AN AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. J. P.

One who travels much meets with a great many strange people and incidents; and, for the benefit of the readers of THE CLIPPER, I jot down a few circumstances that have come under my observation during my trip through a portion of the South this Winter.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

"Down de Missippi floating,
Long time we trabbled on de way."

It is a treat for a person who has time to take a river-trip on the Lower Mississippi in the Fall of the year. The sights he will see on the "Father of Waters" are many; and then it is a relief to get away from the everlasting rat-a-tan of the cars.

The middle of November last found the writer at Memphis, Tenn., ready for a boat to Helena, Ark.; and, upon glancing at a city paper, he found out that he had the chance of three or four first-class "passenger steamers" to choose from, all of which left at 5 P. M. for way-landings below. Wending his way to the wharf, he selected one, and went on board, "grip" in hand, and secured a stateroom.

The wharf presented a lively and busy air that afternoon. It was lined with merchandise, innumerable bales of cotton and hundreds of negroes, "cotton-pickers," some on their way down the river, others present to take leave of relatives or friends, and others still looking for a job, and ready to go anywhere at any time, with all their earthly possessions close at hand, consisting generally of an old army-blanket and an ancient carpet-bag.

Between five and six o'clock P. M. the bell rang and our boat backed out, amid a general chorus of "Good-bye, 'Lijah," "Farewell, honey," "Tell all de folks howdy for me," and the music of the band on board (consisting of the boat's cabin-boys, waiters, barbers and porters).

The writer found himself fortunate in the selection of a boat. There was a gay and fashionable party of ladies and gentlemen on board, on their way to attend a wedding at a plantation below; and, as soon as supper was over and the tables were removed from the cabin, the services of the sable musicians were brought into requisition, and dancing was kept up till a late (or rather early) hour in the morning.

While the "white folks" upstairs were enjoying themselves, the "black folks" downstairs were having a good time. There was a large crowd of them on deck, male and female, when the boat first started, and they made things lively for a while. On the forward part of the boat a set of dancers were "jest shaking themselves," as one of them remarked, to the music of a cracked fiddle handled by an ancient darky, while others stood about the deck in groups, talking and laughing, and at the rear of the boat were a crowd of those religiously inclined, singing songs with such voice and power that the chorus of "Swing low, Sweet Chariot," and "Long Time Wagin o'er de Crossing" penetrated to the cabin above. Numbers of them getting off at every landing, by midnight everything was comparatively quiet below.

Although the majority of negroes "deck it" on Southern steamboats, such is not always the case. Since the days of Uncle Ike Wright and Billy Bill, the "tony" colored gentry who pay first-class fare are accommodated in the texas of the boats, and the new boats are built with roomy texas for this class of customers. A couple of this kind came on board after the boat had been out some hours from Memphis. They were dressed in the most unique and picturesque garb. One was very tall, and the other very short. The tall one wore a coat several inches too short for him, and the short one had on an army-blue overcoat that reached nearly to his heels. The craniums of both were adorned with "plug-hats" somewhat the worse for wear encircled by black crape, and each carried a black "grip" of large proportions in his hand. They were evidently leading citizens with their own color, and doubtless politicians of local repute. They took first-class passage, and, after paying for the same, and seeing their names registered by the clerk (on duty (a jolly fellow), "stood around," as if waiting for something else.

"Well, what is it?" questioned the clerk, looking up from his writing.

"Spah, ah," replied the spokesman of the two. "Us hab paid de fust-class far', and we would like to hab suppah."

"Supper!" exclaimed the clerk, glancing up at the clock, the hands of which pointed to midnight. "You'll get no supper on this boat to-night. But wait a moment," he added; and, beckoning to the porter, he thus addressed that worthy: "These people want supper. *Show them to the hurricane-deck, and give them wind-pudding.*"

The porter led the way for the late arrivals, and, as a sail breeze was blowing at the time, it is supposed the instructions were carried out to the letter.

DESPERATE CASES REQUIRE DESPERATE REMEDIES.

I think this is the right quotation, and I was forcibly reminded of it on another steamboat-trip. A pleasant morning, not a great while ago, found the writer on the banks of the Mississippi, waiting for a boat. After a couple of hours had passed, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of two small stacks, slowly, very slowly, rounding the bend. Can't say how long the stacks were coming round the aforesaid bend, but, judging by the speed afterwards, it must have been quite a while. The craft was a stern-wheeler, was a boat that would do to bet on—for slow time; and boat and captain reminded one of the sketch of "The Bully Boat and Brag Captain" in Burton's "Encyclopædia of Wit and Humor." The boat had been eighteen days out from her original starting-point, and had not traveled a great distance, either. It is not necessary to state where she was from or where bound—in fact, the passenger was on board some time before he could tell *which way the boat moved*, or whether she *moved or not*. Being the only passenger on board (for the most probably dying of old age, and buried in the river), the passenger was treated with distinguished consideration; and he would not like to hurt the captain's and crew's feelings, therefore suppresses names and places. Especially he would not like to wound the feelings of the bartender, who paid, or thought he did, a high compliment to the passenger. The boat daily informed the passenger that, prior to his arrival, he (the bartender) had concluded to desert and swim ashore, but that he had altered his mind. The passenger smiled grimly on hearing this statement, and pondered some time afterwards whether the guileless young man intended a left-handed compliment or not. The captain was a great talker, and had a fund of anecdotes, which he told without stint. He had talked the crew nearly deaf, and when the passenger came on board he went in with renewed vigor. The passenger bore it patiently, especially as he had only twenty-four hours to stay with the boat and nights to make it in. And here he may as well add that he barely saved his time and distance. Among other things, the captain informed his passenger that he was getting short of fuel, and had instructed the pilot to be on the lookout for wood. After a while the pilot discovered a flatboat ahead, near the bank, loaded with the object desired, and ran the boat alongside. After considerable dickering with the owner of the wood—a long, lank specimen of the *genus homo*, who carried a rifle on his shoulder nearly as long as himself—a bargain was struck, and, to save time, the flat was attached to the steamboat, to be loaded as she proceeded on her way. While the hands were changing the wood from one boat to the other, the contracting parties—captain and woodsman—adjourned to the bar, the latter to "wet his whistle," and the former to tell a joke and concoct a scheme by which the unsuspecting woodsman would receive the wood. When the wood was all clear of the flat, the *settling* for it took place, and it was done in this manner: The mate hurriedly entered the cabin and excitedly said:

"Mister, the lines have broke, and your flatboat is drifting down stream!"

"Stop the steamboat!" yelled the captain as the wood-dealer jumped down the steps and by a tremendous effort made his flat.

The bells were violently rung; but the engineer had his eye beforehand, and clapped on more steam, instead of stopping or backing the boat. 'Twas then that the guileless wood-dealer saw that he was badly sold as he gently drifted down stream, and with vengeance in his heart he raised his trusty rifle. But too late. Everybody was under cover, and the pilot suddenly stooped as the bullet passed through the window of the pilot-house.

The reason why this "floating palace" could be so long on the way was made apparent; and as the boat took the side of the river opposite the one the flatboat was drifting to, the captain explained to the passenger that there would be no trouble from that quarter, if the steamboat ever returned from her destination, as his son would likely command, and the wood-dealer would probably be dead. The passenger thought so too. And all hands then adjourned to the bar at the captain's expense.

A BEAR STORY.

Late one afternoon, not a great while ago, ye agent of the "Great Aggregation and Only Legitimate Circus in the United States" stepped off an Anchor Line boat at a little town in Mississippi about a hundred miles below Helena, Ark. The only place for travelers to stop at was pointed out, the house being situated about a quarter of a mile back of the river-landing, on a road leading to the backcountry. Supper was ready before dark, as is the custom in this region, and ye agent concluded he could visit one of the stores near the river before bedtime, to chat with the storekeeper, and get his permission to post on the side of the building. He found the storekeeper to be a very pleasant gentleman, and was so agreeably entertained that he tarried till a late hour, before returning to the hotel (?) The night was a clear, starlight one, and the way straight, and ye agent, having traveled it previously in daylight, had no trouble in finding his abiding-place, which was safely reached. Next day he completed his work, and supper-time found him promptly on hand, weary and hungry. Among the dishes on the table (and the only one in the meat line) was a large one containing a dark-looking steak, which upon trial was found to be palatable, tender, and juicy. Ye agent's curiosity being excited, the host was asked what kind of meat it was.

"B'ar-meat," was the answer.

"Bear-meat! I was not aware there were bears in this part of the country."

"Oh, yes; right smart sprinkling of them," said the landlord, and continued: "This morning, hearing my dogs barking over in the woods there," pointing across the road, "I took my rifle and went to the spot, found a bear, and shot and killed him, and you are eating from the steak now."

After this statement ye agent partook of the meal in silence, pondering over the thought that he had passed the identical thicket pointed out late the previous night. It was his intention after supper to stop on the river-bank a while and build a fire (boat hail), but, after the landlord's story, he gave up the thought, and did not stir from the house that night. Next morning he was lucky enough to catch a passing boat, and proceeded on his journey.

"DOING" A SHERIFF.

Some time ago the writer was engaged with a river-show that "traveled by steamer," and one of the stands was a landing on a river that flows into the Mississippi. There were half a dozen houses at the point—small, dilapidated affairs. Our manager, after surveying the place, had a mind to continue on without giving a performance; but, learning that two of our party had taken the small boat two hours previously, to row to a certain sand-bar to shoot wild ducks, concluded he would wait for them to catch up, and in the meantime try a performance, especially as the agent had liberally covered the sides of the above-mentioned shanties with large bills, announcing the coming of the "Only Legitimate," etc., on that day. Two or three hundred of the neighboring inhabitants had congregated for the purpose of seeing the show, it probably being the first one that ever honored that landing with a visit. The place being an isolated one, having no corporation, and far removed from the county-seat, the manager had no thought of having to pay license. But it turned out that a deputy-sheriff, getting wind of the visit, was on the spot, armed with the necessary papers to collect license, having come twenty miles for that purpose. This individual kept shady till the canvas was up and the doors open, when, in his eagerness to pass in free, he made himself known and showed his authority to pay the license was out of the question, as the number of people in would not justify it. After thinking over the matter a short while, the manager came to the conclusion by which he would get the best of the Sheriff, give a show, and wait for the truant duck-hunters, then some three hours due. He announced that there would be no performance under the pavilion, on account of high license, but that, if the audience were willing, the company would give a "grand variety and minstrel entertainment" *in the cabin of the boat*. The audience were very willing. They did not have the chance to see a show every day, and some of them had come long distances to be on hand. So the cabin was cleared and the entertainment given, to the evident satisfaction of as many as could be accommodated, among whom was the Sheriff; but he had to pay for his ticket, and could collect no license. By this time the duck-hunters had arrived, and had returned (with a wounded snipe as trophy), and the "Aggregation" once more moved onward.

TRAMPS.

There are a great many tramps in the South this Winter—more than ever was known any previous Winter, even by the "oldest inhabitants." The writer will not venture to speculate on the cause of this, but he does know that the "oldest inhabitants" are correct when they state that tramps are very numerous. The railroad lines from Cairo to New Orleans fairly swarmed with tramps a few weeks ago, and all petty wrong-doings were put to the credit of these poor devils.

One of the favorite pastimes of tramps is "bouncing" trains—stealing a ride—and they are generally sure to be "bounced off" again, only to try the next passing train. But sometimes they are fortunate enough to hide well, and only emerge when their hunger compels them to. By this means they are enabled to make long rides, and an old-timer can make New Orleans from Cairo in a week, mostly by stolen night-rides. They expect and take a great deal of abuse, and frequently, after being ordered off the front part of a train, will patiently wait till it gets in motion again, and then jump on the rear end.

Towards the close of a bleak day in December last, the agent at a way-station in Mississippi, on the Great Jackson route, discovered a tramp getting into a box-car standing on a side-track. The agent, thinking to play a huge joke, and at the same time teach this particular tramp and tramps in general a lesson, closed and locked the door, and entered "one tramp" on the bill-lading. In an hour this car, in company with others, was on the way to New Orleans, and the agent chuckled to himself as he thought of his feat, and how many times at the other end of the line would enjoy the joke. At the end of two days the door of the car was opened at New Orleans, and the hungry and half-frozen tramp came forth, amid the jibes and jeers of those assembled. And so the affair ended, as one side concerned supposed. But the sufferer did not think so, and bided his time.

Some three or four weeks afterwards the author of the cruel joke was seated alone in his office, dreaming of no harm from any quarter, when the form of the tramp darkened the door—he having walked the entire distance, and in two hundred days, at that—and then and there proceeded to inflict on the body of the station-master such a "thumping" as is seldom given to mortal man, from the effects of which the receiver was confined to his bed for several days. After inflicting the drubbing, the tramp silently took his departure, and it is thought, with good reason, that the station-agent is cured of playing practical jokes, especially on tramps.

WEARY, SO WEARY!

Weary, so weary; oh, weary of tears:
Weary of heart-aches and weary of fears;
Weary of moaning and weary of pain;
Weary, so weary, of hoping in vain.

Weary, so weary, of the burdens of life;
Weary of toiling and weary of strife;
Weary of parting and weary of sighs;
Weary, so weary, and longing for light.

Weary, so weary, of waiting alone;
Weary of asking—receiving a stone;
Weary of watching—weary of days;
Weary, so weary, of taunts and of sneers.

Weary, so weary—but sometime I'll rest,
Dreamlessly sleeping, hands crossed on my breast;
No more to sorrow, no more to weep;
Only to lie down and quietly sleep.

THE DAGO'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We were sitting around the stove in a Ninth-ward tavern, when the subject of boat-pulling was broached, and an animated discussion commenced relative to the merits of the different local clubs. The argument was red-hot, and the whole party adjourned to the yard, where a ring was formed, and the principal debaters of the evening decided the merits of their favorites in as neat a little tussle as had been witnessed for many a day. The sponge being thrown up, the principals re-entered the hotel, and thawed out their anger by making friends over "something dissolved in sugar." There was nothing more said about rowing for some time, when an old sailor named George Gibbons, who had been sitting in a corner all the evening under the influence of nightmare, suddenly braced up and said:

"Gentlemen, I have a story to tell about a boat-race which, I think, will please you all, and if you'll pay particular attention I'll tell the whole truth, so-help-me-bob."

"All right, old man; give us the race—any thing for a change."

"Well, you see, a few years ago I was one of Uncle Sam's pets aboard the Brooklyn, and we were lying in the harbor of Rio, as quiet as you please, and would have remained so only for the fact that one day the 'dago' man-of-war Nictheroy, accompanied by an English frigate, came up the bay and anchored close enough to make us neighbors. Everything went along smoothly enough till we saw the 'dago' hist aboard a green, clinker-built fourteen-oared shell, and then you bet there was trouble on the old man's mind; for the following morning they launched her and pulled around our ship, laughing defiance at us as we leaned over the rail. Well, gentlemen, we could stand most anything, but this insult was one more than human nature could swallow; and as I was a sort of a favorite with the officers as well as the men of the good old Brooklyn, I was appointed a committee of one to wait on our captain, state our grievance, and request permission to challenge the 'dago' crew for a five-mile race. It was kind of a tender mission to send me on, as our captain was not overloaded with the ballast of good-nature; so I approached the subject cautiously, and, touching my cap in true man-of-war style, says I:

"Captain, the "dago" has got a brand-new boat,"—

"'Well, I see they have,' says the captain; 'but what has that got to do with you addressing me, sir?'

"This was a stunner, for the old man was too polite by half, and I saw the point had to be reached in a jiffy, so I braced up courage and said:

"Captain, those "dagos" have been flirting round our ship, putting on airs in their new boat, and with your permission our boys would like to take them down a peg.'

"'Oh, I see! You want to get up a race and lose all your pay?'

"'Your honor struck it right about the race; but there is no danger of us losing, for we will man our Boston barge with a crew that will make the "dagos" chew stumps for a month.'

"At this our captain laughed and said:

"'George, *that's me*. If you will promise that the men will behave themselves, and not get into any trouble, you can have my permission.'

"Of course that promise was given, and the boys were delighted when my report was handed to the committee of the whole. The next thing to do was to raise the spondulix, and a middy was spoken to, who spoke to the other officers, and word was sent us to issue the challenge. We didn't let any tar stick to our heels until the 'dagos' heard from us; but were surprised when they sent back word that they would row us five miles, with a turn, for $2,500 a side. This was a fearful lot of money, but one of the officers got the captain's ear, and he immediately issued orders to the paymaster to let the officers and men have one-third of what money was coming to them. This to the men amounted to about $1,900; but the officers had great confidence in their crew, and put up half the stake. The $1,000 was placed in the hands of the purser of the English frigate as stakeholder, and we had one week to practice in. The ship's barber was a good oarsman, and as he had great faith in our ability to win, backing his opinion with $300, we let him pull stroke, and Bill Edwards, whom we called Mule for short, had the bow-oar.

"The day of the race came on a Wednesday—I forgot the date, but it was in July, '72—and the water was as smooth as glass. A stakeboat was stationed at the mouth of the bay, right under Sugar-loaf Mountain, and that marked half the distance, which we had to turn before we entered the homestretch. We got the word to go, and the 'dagos' shot ahead of us and kept the lead for a mile and a half. Our barge was very heavy and hard to start; but, once it got to going, the Devil couldn't stop it, and we gradually closed up on them, they turning the stakeboat a half a length ahead. Then, with a cheer, we laid back to our oars; but they kept leading until the last half mile was reached, when we put every pound we were capable of into the blades, and succeeded in getting abreast of the 'dagos' at the last quarter. We then pulled for dear life, and as we passed the 'dago' frigate we were half a length ahead. They used every muscle to overtake us; but the cheers that came from the boys in the rigging of the English frigate as we went by was too much for the 'dagos,' and they weakened terribly, and we went over the line (our ship's bow) with about two lengths in advance. The barber was pinched at the finish, and the Mule said there was no good stuff in him. Our old man was well pleased with the result, and we then organized a minstrel troupe, and that night gave a performance which was attended by all the naval officers in the harbor. And where do you think I was? Asleep, did you say? Oh, no! I was in the middle, keeping the boys in good humor; and I hope, gentlemen, the middle part I have taken to night will heal old sores, and get you all in good-humor once more."

SPERRY.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES NO. VII.

THE MINSTREL MELODIST.

On Jan. 21, 1864, a sombre procession filed solemnly and impressively out of Trinity Church, Pittsburg. Its solemnity gaining added emphasis at every step, and its impressiveness acquiring volume at every pause, it slowly wended its way to Allegheny Cemetery. There, to the simple music of his own creation, to the chaunted words of his own "Old Folks at Home," Stephen Collins Foster was buried. A modest, unobtrusive, reserved man was this greatest of minstrel melodists. His music vibrated every heart, but he himself was rarely visible. Songs were his chosen theme, solitude his throne, and his kingdom an attic study far removed from the bustle of life, deadened to noise of all kinds, and furnished with naught but a piano, a music-stand, a table, and a lounge. He seldom went out of doors, and in his few walks never sought companionship. Preoccupied with his own thoughts, he had no words for the stray acquaintances he met, and scarcely the mood for a passing nod of recognition. Indeed, he was not apt to see them; for, with shoulders rounded and stooped, he was wont to walk with head lowered and eyes cast down. This stoop seemed to grow with his years, and with his years came an increased sadness in his mien, which by some was ascribed to a physical infirmity, and by others to the loss of a mother he had dearly loved, and whose death was the keynote to those songs of grief which were to be his future métier. Latest efforts. "The man in the brown-study," as he was sometimes spoken of, by his preoccupied air attracted an attention that his delicate physique would never have commanded; for he was not alone spare of build—he was also below the average height. He was well-read, and his general intellectual culture was above the average; but he possessed no special conversational powers, and was remarkable for scarcely aught but the gift of music, which in his case must truly have been heaven-born. He was an instrumentalist from the very first moment that he saw a flageolet, and what as a child he accomplished with the flageolet without instruction he was enabled to do later with various other instruments; he was an amateur musician in a Pittsburg dramatic association before he was ten years old; at thirteen, while a student at the Athens (O.) Seminary, he composed "The Tioga Waltz;" and yet we have never heard that his family were distinguished for musical talent. He was born where he was buried—in Allegheny, Pa., on July 4, 1826. His father, William B. Foster, is said to have been connected by marriage with the late President James Buchanan. He was a merchant in Pittsburg, and represented that city in the Pennsylvania Legislature. Like his youngest son, Stephen, William B. Foster was a native of Allegheny, and at one time he was its Mayor. He gave his children an excellent education; and Stephen, more studious than the others, entered *con amore* into a mastery of German and French, as well as of painting and of music, his knowledge of the latter covering a familiarity with the works of Weber, Mozart and Beethoven.

It was after he had left the seminary at Athens, O., and while he was in the employ of his brother, a merchant in Cincinnati, that he composed his first negro melody, to which a special history attaches. It was not his first song, for in 1842, through George Willig of Baltimore, he had published "Open the Lattice, Love," which was at least worthy of his years, as he was then not seventeen. About 1845, while Stephen was in Cincinnati with his brother, a Pittsburg confectioner named Andrews opened a ten-cent concert-room on the second-floor of a building on Wood street, Pittsburg. The guitarist of the place was the late Nelson Kneass, originally an actor in Philadelphia, afterwards a chorus-singer at the Park Theatre, this city, and later a member of one of the first troupes who in black faces burlesqued the operas of two-and-thirty years ago. Andrews, doubtless at the suggestion of Kneass, offered a silver cup for the best negro song, and young Foster, at the suggestion of his brother Morrison, forwarded "Way Down South, Whar de Corn Grows." Kneass sang the song to his own piano accompaniment, but the committee of judges did not award the prize. Foster's next essay was "The Louisiana Belle," composed for a Pittsburg social-political club of which he was a member. This achieved so sudden and wide a popularity that he ventured to put forth two other compositions, which his modesty had for some time held back—"O, Susanna!" and "Camptown Races" ("I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag, somebody bet on de bay," of which the late Jerry Bryant, as well as Billy Birch, made a specialty, giving bone imitations of horse-racing), both of which issued in 1850. Many a time when she goes to sleep" (originally sung by the late Sam A. Wells), and "Massa's in the cold, cold ground" (1852); "O boys, carry me 'long, carry me 'long till I die" (1853); "Hard times come again no more" and "Old Uncle Ned" (1854); "Old Dog Tray" (1855); "Ring, ring, banjo," written for Horn, Wells & Briggs' Serenaders in 1851, and sung by J. K. Campbell, who is singing yet; and "Don't bet your money on the shanghae," published in 1861, and concluding his Ethiopian songs, of which but an imperfect list is here given, since all were not destined to rival the composer in popularity. The last three years of his life were passed in this city, and his latest songs were clearly dictated by thoughts of his dead mother: "Bury me in the morning," "Leave me with my mother," "I'll be home to-morrow," "I dream of my mother," "I am sitting alone and still in my dreams," all being written in 1861, shortly after his mother's death. Of his other sentimental songs these may be mentioned: "Wilt thou be gone, love?" a duet based on "Romeo and Juliet;" "Ella is an angel;" "Willie, my brave;" "Farewell, my Ella dear;" "Come where my love lies dreaming," a quartet popularized by Christy's Minstrels at Mechanics' Hall, this city; "Ellen Bayne;" "Little Ella;" "Jenny with the light brown hair," a favorite with the late T. B. Prendergast and many another minstrel tenor; "Come with thy sweet voice again;" "O comrades, fill no glass for me;" "Mollie, you know you love me;" "Summer breath;" "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" "Oh, may the red rose live alway;" "Maggie by my side;" "Willie, we have missed you;" and "Old Dog Tray," originally sung, we think, by E. P. Christy.

How well knew him and his works wrote in *The Atlantic Monthly* shortly after his death: "In all his negro compositions Foster adhered scrupulously to his theory adopted at the outset. His verses are distinguished by a *naïveté* characteristic and appropriate, but consistent at the same time with common sense. Enough of the negro dialect is retained to preserve distinction, but not to offend. The sentiment is given in plain phrase and under homely illustration; but it is a sentiment nevertheless. The melodies are of twin-birth literally with the verses, for Foster composed the air as he framed it in rhyme, and traced in rhyme as he thought in tune. Of easy modulation, severely simple in their structure, his airs have yet the graceful proportions—animated with the fervor, unostentatious but all-subduing—of certain of the old hymns (not the worst) derived from our fathers of a hundred years ago. That he had struck upon the true way to the common heart, the successes attending his efforts surely demonstrate. His songs had an unparalleled circulation. Applications were unceasing from the various publishers of the country for some share, in his head, in his patronage, and upon terms that might have seduced almost anyone else; but the publishers with whom he originally engaged had won his esteem, and Foster adhered to them faithfully. Artists of the highest distinction favored him with their friendship; and Herz, Sivori, Ole Bull and Thalberg were alike ready to approve his genius, and to testify that approval in the choice of his melodies as themes about which to weave the witchery of their embellishments. Complimentary letters from men of literary note poured in upon him; among others, one full of generous encouragement from Washington Irving, dearly prized and carefully treasured to the day of Foster's death. Similar missives reached him from across the seas—from strangers and from travelers in lands far remote; and he learned that, while 'O Susanna' was the familiar song of the cottager on the Clyde, 'Uncle Ned' was known to the dweller in tents among the Pyramids."

He died in this city on Jan. 13, 1864, leaving an only child, Marian, and a widow, formerly Miss J. D. McDowell of Pittsburg, whom he wedded on July 22, 1850. That his memory is cherished at home in Pittsburg is apparent in a programme before us, which programme has suggested this article. It is of a performance given at Library Hall, that city, Feb. 16 last, by the Stephen C. Foster Serenaders; and among the pieces in the first-part was Foster's "Comrades, fill no glass for me," sung by J. A. Derhurst, while in the olio John T. Irwin gave his "Old Folks at Home," with variations, on the violin.

"UNCLE TOM" ON HIS TRAVELS.

XENIA, O., Feb. 19, 1877.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—I think you have made some mistakes in your cast of "Uncle Tom" at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as published in your issue of Feb. 10. You put Chas. Kemble Mason in Legree, and Dolly Davenport in Haley. It seems improbable that C. K. Mason would have consented to play Legree, while Dolly, if he had been in the cast, would certainly have been the St. Clair. At the period you mention, George Mason was the heavy man at the Chestnut-street. N. T. Davenport was also a member of the company, and, I presume, is the party who was cast for Haley. Some time during the Winter—owing, I think, to an attempted reduction of salaries—a portion of the company seceded and organized a traveling troupe, presenting to the public, throughout the interior of Pennsylvania, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Drunkard," and "The Six Degrees of Crime," opening at Reading, and closing a very successful tour in the Spring at Easton. James Martin was the Uncle Tom, George Mason the Legree, Rose and Jerry Merrifield respectively Topsy and Yuis, and T. S. Gilson the St. Clair, while Mrs. Coppell was the Aunt Ophelia, Cordelia personating Eliza Harris, the representative of Eva being found in her younger sister. Mr. Coppell, a dignified, white-haired gentleman, was the manager of the concern, and the responsibilities of management rested upon Martin & Mason. Rose and Jerry Merrifield being equal copartners in the profits. The scenery had been painted for the party by Joseph Jefferson. Have I made a case? Yours, etc.,

C. R. FOREMAN.

Not exactly; but we thank you all the same for an endeavor towards absolute accuracy. Our own judgment was that the Legree could not have been C. K. Mason, but we deferred to what we regarded as the superior judgment of others. Dolly Davenport seems to have been in the cast, and to have played Haley. We have a bill with his name in full—"Haley the slave-trader, A. H. Davenport." His latest efforts. "The man in the brown-study," as he was sometimes spoken of, by his preoccupied air attracted an attention that his delicate physique would never have commanded; for he was not alone spare of build—he was also below the average height. He was well-read, and his general intellectual culture was above the average; but he possessed no special conversational powers, and was remarkable for scarcely aught but the gift of music, which in his case must truly have been heaven-born. He was an instrumentalist from the very first moment that he saw a flageolet, and what as a child he accomplished with the flageolet without instruction he was enabled to do later with various other instruments; he was an amateur musician in a Pittsburg dramatic association before he was ten years old; at thirteen, while a student at the Athens (O.) Seminary, he composed "The Tioga Waltz;" and yet we have never heard that his family were distinguished for musical talent. He was born where he was buried—in Allegheny, Pa., on July 4, 1826. His father, William B. Foster, is said to have been connected by marriage with the late President James Buchanan. He was a merchant in Pittsburg, and represented that city in the Pennsylvania Legislature. Like his youngest son, Stephen, William B. Foster was a native of Allegheny, and at one time he was its Mayor. He gave his children an excellent education; and Stephen, more studious than the others, entered *con amore* into a mastery of German and French, as well as of painting and of music, his knowledge of the latter covering a familiarity with the works of Weber, Mozart and Beethoven.

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COMING TO LIGHT.—The Thompson who played Sam in the first cast of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Barnum's Museum, this city, in 1853, and of whom we remarked that he had "passed down the long lane of oblivion," is said to be the gentleman who, last year, was living in Johnstown and playing Dan in "Divorce" at the Bowery Theatre, this city. The Charles Whittle whom our correspondent "Mnemosyne" spoke of as personating Uncle Tom to the Eva of Little Mary Marsh, in Chicago, about 1853-4, is now in this city, being better known as Charles the Second, and is manager of the stock company of Greene C. Germon, Mr. Barry was called upon to fill the gap, and temporarily resumed the name under which he had already done minor business.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THREE-MILE RACE.—W. Salter and J. Tester met at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Feb. 5, to decide a three-mile running match, for £25 a side. The first lap they ran together, Tester on the outside; but he was losing ground by running so wide, Rogers called upon him to come inside, which he did with the lead, passing the post the first time, and on completing the second he led by four yards; but just opposite the Skating Rink Salter drew up level for a "feeler," and they passed each other alternately. Tester finishing the first mile three yards ahead. In the fourth and fifth laps their positions remained unaltered; but before completing the second mile Salter closed up, and opposite the stand drew up level, and a little farther on went in front, holding a lead of four yards on completing his seventh lap. However, Tester at the stand once more got in front, leading by two yards upon entering the last lap. Still, it was apparent Salter was only waiting, and in the railway stretch, after one or two attempts, he got by, and, sprinting away from his man, soon left a gap of fifty yards, and ultimately won as he liked by forty yards, Tester pulling up just before reaching the post. Winner's time: First mile, 5m. 3sec.; second, 10m. 22sec.; third, 15m. 30sec. Geo. W. Atkinson was referee, and J. White of Gateshead starter.

TWO-MILE HANDICAP.—An All-England handicap-walk of two miles, for money-prizes, was particularly run in Feb. at the Star Grounds, London, by Wm. Perkins (scratch), J. Barnes (1min. 30sec. start), J. Miles (20 sec.), J. Carpenter (2 min.), and R. Harding (1min. 15sec.) Ten laps less, 130yds., were required to cover the distance. Just before completing two laps, Harding had succeeded in Christy's name ever so appeared except in the equivocal, ambiguous way in which any singer's name is liable to appear in connection with the song he is called upon to sing. E. P. Christy's name was, however, on the title-page of one edition of the music of "Old Folks at Home;" and for this advertisement-whether or not it was so worded as to imply authorship, it is admitted by the friends of Foster that Christy paid $500. This song, whose touching simplicity has won it hearts, and whose music has been heard in all lands, was written in 1851. It is perhaps better known by its opening line than by its title: "Way down upon the Swanee River." The greatest of "prima-donnas" sing it occasionally to-day, and it was a woman whom we heard sing it with greatest effect, the pathetic, musical tinge of sadness about it as it came from the lips of the betrayed wanderer who, robed in black, was returning to the house whence a father's curse had followed her, in the "moral domestic drama" of "The Old Folks at Home," so long played at Barnum's Museum, in this city. Here can now hear the sweet voice of the sad songstress (Miss Emily Mestayer), the rather jerky utterances of one Douglass Stewart (who is now great as E. A. Sothern and greater as Drundreary), and the rugged tones of dead-and-gone Gorson Warlake, who portrayed the heart-broken father with a senile power. The song was not only the feature of that drama, but it was absolutely the rage everywhere, having no rival unless it was "Ben Bolt." Those were the times when there were a dozen or two target-companies a day, and every band, some borrowed from as far as Nyack, was playing "Old Folks at Home" in the streets of New York. Could songster have been paid a greater compliment? A greater was to come. At Steinway Hall, this city, Christine Nilsson sang "Old Folks at Home" in acknowledgment of about the first encore she ever received in concert in America. And when the song played its part it is a drama nearly a quarter of a century ago, so it is playing a part in a drama to-day, for it is no insignificant feature of "The Gilded Age," in which Col. Mulberry Sellers breathes and schemes and vaunts his eye-water.

Among Foster's other negro melodies of great popularity were the "Way Down South" that did not win the silver-cup in Pittsburg, but which Nelson Kneass was accused of endeavoring the next day to copyright in his own name; "Nelly was a lady, last night she died," written in 1849; "My old Kentucky home, good-night," and "Camptown Races" ("I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag, somebody bet on de bay," of which the late Jerry Bryant, as well as Billy Birch, made a specialty, giving bone imitations of horse-racing), both of which issued in 1850. Many a time when she goes to sleep" (originally sung by the late Sam A. Wells), and "Massa's in the cold, cold ground" (1852); "O boys, carry me 'long, carry me 'long till I die" (1853); "Hard times come again no more" and "Old Uncle Ned" (1854); "Old Dog Tray" (1855); "Ring, ring, banjo," written for Horn, Wells & Briggs' Serenaders in 1851, and sung by J. K. Campbell, who is singing yet; and "Don't bet your money on the shanghae," published in 1861, and concluding his Ethiopian songs, of which but an imperfect list is here given, since all were not destined to rival the composer in popularity. The last three years of his life were passed in this city, and his latest songs were clearly dictated by thoughts of his dead mother: "Bury me in the morning," "Leave me with my mother," "I'll be home to-morrow," "I dream of my mother," "I am sitting alone and still in my dreams," all being written in 1861, shortly after his mother's death. Of his other sentimental song

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 26.

LADIES' LIST.

Alexander, Laura
Arlington, Ella
Allen, Eloise (2)
Bofiner, Jennie
Bailey, Ella
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Bates, Marie
Berger, Anna Teresa (2)
Bidwell, Dollie
Blake, Maggie
Bickford, Lillian
Brennan, Mrs R. A.
Boshell, Carrie (2)
Barry, Virginia E.
Bennett, Amy (dancer)
Clifton, Viola
Cushing, May
Clifton, Blanche (burlesque, "Nip")
Carlton, Mrs. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Clifton, Carrie
Cawthorne, Mrs.
Coventry, Julie
Delmay, Lizzie
De Haven, Emma
Dawron, Dora
Dimple, "Dottie"
De Vere, Mrs.
Davis, Lizzie
Duston, Essie
Dunn, Mattie
Doyle, Minnie
Dearden, Fannie
Eytinge, Rose
Elbert, "Daisy"
Etta, Mlle. (contortionist)
Freeman Sisters
French, Laney
Francis, Fannie
Forrest, Virginia
Florence, Rena
French, Mamie 3c.
Forrest, Nellie
Fosklit, Louisa (of Bergr. Family)
Florence, Gertie
Francis, Lilly (velocipedist)
Gray, Ada (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Abbott, Chas. M.
Allewell, Wm
Andreas, Chas.
Adams, "Dan"
Atwood, C. T.
Arlington, Wm.
Armstrong, R. H.
Aiken, Frank E.
Allen, Wm. Lawrence
Allerup, "Ole"
Ball, Gustave W.
Barnes, Jas. (late of Woods)
Blanchard, Harry
Beaks, Geo. (manager)
Berry, Geo. (of Howe's Cir.)
Barlow, M. G.
Byrn, Ernest, and Boyd, Clarance (2)
Barnabee Concert Co.
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bands, Luke (2) 12c.
Bray, Wm. H.
Barnum, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Berkley, J. W.
Bagley, Wm. (circus proprietor)
Bruce, J. (show painter)
Barrett, Lawrence
Blair, Wm.
Brown, W. C. (musician)
Barnum, P. T.
Brown, "Gus"
Buckley, Harry
Bush, I. (2)
Burt, A. S.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Batchelor & Dorris
Bergen, W. (Agt. J. T. Raymond)
Blanchery, C. E.
Berry, Green
Bliss, L. & L. (2)
Booth, Edwin
Barry, Unusequestrian
"Buffalo Bill"
Bennett, Harry
Burke & Mara
Barlow Bros. (song and dance) 5c.
Bidanti, Chas. L.
Bernett, Frank
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Bryant, "Billy" (of Bry. & Williams)
Brinell, Bros.
Bry, "Billy" (Dutch "pic")
Brown, Harry M.
Brown, W. W.
Coes, Geo. H.
Charles, J. M.
Castle, Wm.
Conley & Elder
Clark, "Kit" (2)
Coop, W. W.
Cole, Mr. (late of Murray & Cir.)
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Sharp)
Castle, Chas. (circus clown)
Colville, Chas.
Collins & Conner
Chaffee, G. W.
Connor, Rob. B.
Cameron & Dixie
Campbell, Frank G.
Collins, Chas.
Cronin, W. (of Scanlan & Cronin) (2)
Chapham, Harry
Collins, O. B.
Clark, Ed. A. "Dew"
Cassidy, Geo. H.
Cordio, Ramon
Callender, Chas.
Cromwell, Mark
Conroy & Daley
Clifton & Forepaugh
Carner, J. W.
Colvert, Jr., Michael
Chapman, Frank M. (2)
Crawford, J. W. (Capt. Jack")
Chilures, J. H.
Courtright, W. (state of How. Athen.)
Collier, Prof. O. (magician)
Crummer, "Zeb"
Cook, J. P.
Charleston, Jno. F.
Cole, "Al." 10c.
Cooper, F. F.
Cagern, Chanirau, F. S.
Culbertson, H.
Codee, W. F.
Cuthbert, (ventriloquist)
Cambridge, A. B.
Culbertson, G. H.
Cowan, H. A.
Cooper, Geo. H.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Cole, W. H.
Dunbar & Ashton
Devonear, Peter
Dunn, T. B. (balladist)
De Lave, Harry
Duprez, C. H. (2)
Delehanty, W. H.
Dinsmore, L.
Driver, W. H.
Dinsmore, L.
Dunn, Jno. F.
Dodson, F. V. (of Tennessee Min.)
Davies, W. F.
"Emerald" Min.)
Dutton, Wm.
(equestrian)
Drake, M. M.
De Bar, "Bob" E.
Deem, B. B
Dug. & Den Minz
D'Ormer, Mons.
Davies, Frank
Dumont, C. L.
De Haven, Claude
De Haven, Geo. W.
Dupree & Benedict
Davies, H. L.
Dearin, "Sam" (musical "bis")
Daveau, L. (songs and sketches)
Dickinson, H. (late of Peak Family)
Delano, "Jepp"
Egan, H. W.
Emidy, James
Emerson & Clark
Edwards, C. G.
Evans, H. W.
Evans, Frank A.
Evaratt, Paul
Earle, Bruce
Faustin, M.
Frohman, Gustave
Forbush, H.
Filkins, Robt. (2)
Frederick, S. O.
Frost, Jas. & Hoey
Fredericks, C. S. (2)
Furbish, C. E.
Fleming, Wm. J.
Ferdinando, Mons.
Frayne, Robt.
Farrells, A.
Fales, Edward

Gerry, Emma M.
Gracie, Mlle.
Glassford, Eliza
Gaugain, Marie
Hastings, Lizzie (of Birmingham, Eng) (2)
Howard, May
Howard, Mrs. Minnie
Hall, Minnie
Hall, Annie
Heflin, Ella
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Holmon, Mrs. Harriet
Hogan, Julia
Hasson, Sadie
Hannum, "Ruby"
Hall, Mrs. J. Clinton
Hunter, Maggie
Ince, Mrs. Emma
Johns, Ella
Kimbal, Fannie
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kemp, Alice
Leigh, Maude
Lola, Mlle. (of Pat Hamilton Comic) (2)
Lerkell, Nellie
Laurent, Edna
Lathe, Mrs.
Le Clair, Mattie
Lewis, Pauline
Laurent, Ada (3)
Lawrence, "Lou"
Lo-lo,— (trapezist)
Mollenhauer, Henrietta
Macarthy, Madam
McGowan, Alice
Mortimer, Lu-lu
McCabe, Maggie
Mahaffey, Ella
Markey, Lizzie
Morrell, Ida
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Murray, Lottie
Nagle, Julia (vocalist)
O'Neil & Husband, Mrs.
O'Brian, Mrs. Fred.
Octavia, Miss
O'Connor, Jas. Owen
Ogden, "Abe"
O'Reardon, M.
Orrin Bros.
Omobondro, J. B.
O'Brien Bros. (of Washburn's Co.)
Parks, J. (of Howe's Cir.)
Parmelee, H. E.
Parks & Davis (2)
Pearl, C. C.
Pud, H. G.
Pastor, "Tony"
Pough & Co., E.
Primrose, Geo.
Phoite, Josie
Phillips, Horace R.
Parker, Louis (2)
Pyne, J. W.
Pullman Bros.
Perry Bros.
Porter & King
Powell, E.
Prindle, J. (comed.)
Pike, C. A.
Pitchard, Robt.
Poell, Thos.
Patterson, W. H.
Pulver, Create
Roberts, N. D.
Byron, Thos. (of Men. Quint. "Co.)
Rentfrew, J. N.
Rigney, — (of Rigney & Dugan)
Reinhart, Ali.
Raden, M.
Rowe, G. F.
Rowe, Chas.
Regan, Thos. (of Wallack Co.)
Robie, Louis
Rogers, Jno. R.
Rankin, McKee
Rikes, "Tony"
Raymond, G. B.
Rapier, John
Riley, Wm.
Busby, Horace
Reed, Mr. (p. o. m. Paris, France)
Ryan, T. J. (of Glasgow, Scot.)
Redmond, Jos. R.
Roe, Harry W.
Roberts, ——, B. (tragedian)
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Minst.)
Reilly, Jno. (late of Colls. Chicago.)
Sanford, Mr. (of Country & Sanford, Stanley, Ernest
Sands, Geo. E.
Sanford, J.
Smith, J. "Doc" W. H.
Smith & Fox (2)
Salisbury, Geo. R.
Sanford, Ed.
Smith, N. S.
Sparks, Wm.
Street, Geo. M.
Schofield, Thos.
Shafer, — (of Shafer & Sharp)
Snow, E. M. (gymnast)
Sturgis, C. J.
Strong, D. A.
Smith, Thos.
Santelle & Bre vards
Smith, E. P. (of Harris's Min.) 2 3c.
Stoner, Philip
Strebinger, F.
Strozen, M. (of Sage, Geo. A.
Sadler, Thos. (of Robin. Minst.)
Salisbury, "Hop"
Simon, J. A.
Stribg, J. V.
Sweeney, "Johnny"
Seymour, O. T.
Sexton, J. H.
Shepard, B. (of N. O. Minst.)
Sweeney, J. B.
Shuman, Arthur B.
Thompson, H. (gen. agent)
Thompson, "Den"
Thatcher, "Ned"
Tayleure, C. W.
Turner, "Dick"
Thompson, Jno. "On Hand")
Tribbi (mul. Trimble), J. E.
Trudell, A. O.
Tomasis' Juvenile Co., M.
Treloar, Capt. A.
Tucker Bros.
Trganne, Mr. 10c
Thumann, H.
Throckmorton, H. D.
Tryon, H. C.
Tershak, Herr 15c.
Thompson, Sid. H.
Tudor, J. W.
Vane, Geo. W.
Vere, Geo. M.
Vincent, Chas. A. (2)
Vincent, Jas.
Victorelli, H.
Virginia Jubilee Singers"
Washburn, E. S.
Washburn, L. W.
Wagner, "Cal"
Wasson, Edith
Ward, W. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Waldron, D. (of Collis. Chicago.)
Wilkinson Bros.
Wilcox, O. B.
Wilson, J. S. or T. N.
Welling, Albert or Wm.
Werner & Maude
Stanley, "Ned" (2)
West, Frank (of N. Y. Minst.)
White, "Archie"
Wentworth, Harry
Williams, Geo. (late of Carlton & Var.)
Walters, Mr. (of Howard Athen.)
Webb, J. (of Cole's Circus)
Witherbee, L.
Walters, Claude
West, F. (of Wood & West)
Whitcombe, A. J.
Webb, J. H.
Wilkinson, Harry (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Westendorf, Robt.
Warren, C. (late of Hinckville)
Wright, H. O.
Weiss, Otto
White, J. K.
Washburn, W. (specialty "bis")
Wilton, Geo.
Whettoney, Leon
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Wilson, Geo. (of Harry's & Minst.)
Wingship, L. B.
Wells, C. B.

Olympia, Mlle.
Parier, Josie
Pendy, Mrs. John Phillips, Mrs. Horace R.
Pomeroy, Louise
Phillips, Adelaide
Ransom, Alice (2)
Rodger, Emma
Richmond, Lu-lu
Ramage, Lizzie
Richards, Belle
Reed, Mrs. Jennie B.
Swedish Lady Vocal Co., The
Stoddart, May
St. Leon, Cassie
Sinnell, Mrs. Clara
Stella, Rose (2)
Scott, Lu Marie
Saunders, Julia
Stowe, Emma (of Steven's Co.)
Saronyi, Nellie (late of Baltimore)
Spaulding, Georgie
St. Felix, Madam
St. Clair, Ezell
Schrotter, Hennietta
St. Felix Troupe
St. Felix, Leanora
Sanborne, Adele
St. Maur, Lu-lu
Sherman, Marie (4)
Tilly, Mrs. Chas.
Vinson, Ida
Warner, Ella J. 6c.
Webster, Florence
Washburn, Mrs. Emma
Williams' "Mollie" (of Adelphi, Chic)
Watson, Bertha
Wharton, Mary
Warne Sisters
Whiffin, Mrs.
Wyndham, Alice
Wood, Addie & Mattie
Walters, Nellie
Zoerner, Anna 10c.
Zanfretta, Flora

Ordway, Mrs. Jennie
Pastor, "Tony"
Pough & Co., E.
Primrose, Geo.
Phoite, Josie
Phillips, Horace R.
Parker, Louis (2)
Pyne, J. W.
Pullman Bros.
Perry Bros.
Porter & King
Powell, E.
Prindle, J. (comed.)
Pike, C. A.
Pitchard, Robt.
Poell, Thos.
Patterson, W. H.
Pulver, Create
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Byron, Thos. (of Men. Quint. "Co.)
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Rigney, — (of Rigney & Dugan)
Reinhart, Ali.
Raden, M.
Rowe, G. F.
Rowe, Chas.
Regan, Thos. (of Wallack Co.)
Robie, Louis
Rogers, Jno. R.
Rankin, McKee
Rikes, "Tony"
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Smith, N. S.
Sparks, Wm.
Street, Geo. M.
Schofield, Thos.
Shafer, — (of Shafer & Sharp)
Snow, E. M. (gymnast)
Sturgis, C. J.
Strong, D. A.
Smith, Thos.
Santelle & Brevards
Smith, E. P. (of Harris's Min.) 2 3c.
Stoner, Philip
Strebinger, F.
Strozen, M. (of Sage, Geo. A.
Sadler, Thos. (of Robin. Minst.)
Salisbury, "Hop"
Simon, J. A.
Stribg, J. V.
Sweeney, "Johnny"
Seymour, O. T.
Sexton, J. H.
Shepard, B. (of N. O. Minst.)
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Treloar, Capt. A.
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Trganne, Mr. 10c
Thumann, H.
Throckmorton, H. D.
Tryon, H. C.
Tershak, Herr 15c.
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Witherbee, L.
Walters, Claude
West, F. (of Wood & West)
Whitcombe, A. J.
Webb, J. H.
Wilkinson, Harry (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Westendorf, Robt.
Warren, C. (late of Hinckville)
Wright, H. O.
Weiss, Otto
White, J. K.
Washburn, W. (specialty "bis")
Wilton, Geo.
Whettoney, Leon
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Wilson, Geo. (of Harry's & Minst.)
Wingship, L. B.
Wells, C. B.

THERE IS A LETTER in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Post-office for Chas. B. Christie.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, FEB. 26, '77.

Notwithstanding the continuance of the great drama of human interests at Washington, in the progress of which the country has manifested the deepest solicitude, the great metropolis has not been without its own peculiar sensations and specialties. We have all been a good deal exercised over the cabalistic intelligence of the unpleasantness between our own Adalina Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux. This finale to the marriage-ceremony does not surprise us. *She* wanted a title, and got it. *He* was a little short of ready money, or said impecunious, as we might say, and the bargain was struck—Adalina's ducats secured the title, and his title secured the—well, he may not have succeeded in controlling *all* of our prima-donna's earnings, and so, probably, an incompatibility of temperament was the result, and an open rupture the wind-up. We grieve considerably over these family jars, and shed bitter tears of anguish when we see "our own" nobility besmirched with the cruel tongue of scandal. It is to be hoped that Clara Louise Kellogg and Emma Abbott will profit by this painful lesson, and never, no, never, seek to form a matrimonial alliance with foreign dukes, or counts or lords.....There's Nellson, too, she's got a divorce—but will it hold? Aye, there's the rub, as the melancholy one sadly remarked when he was contriving at a little game to count somebody out. Now, there was Pauline Lucca—she got a divorce over here, and soon thereafter she entered the connubials with another man; but, alas! the first husband rebelled, and the whole thing has to go through the courts again, to see which husband is "it"—the divorced man or the successor of his predecessor. Do you wonder at our distress and anxiety when we see these terrible things continually going on around us?.....Since it has been discovered that law reports afford a good source of free advertising, our managers have taken to the law with wonderful unanimity; and they not only sue one another, but they enter up judgments against publishers for infringements, and all that. Thus we are in constant worriment to keep the records straight, and to prevent the effusion of blood! Mr. Neuendorff—German-American manager—was injuncted against producing "The Danichefs" at his establishment. Instead of being vexed, the German man ought to be very glad that he escaped the misfortune which might have attended his presentation of the gloomy drama.....*"Our Jim"* does not appear to be very favorably impressed with Mrs. Brooks' way of doing business. Mrs. B. is the lady who sculped the butter-head. James says she must be doing right peert in the way of trade; nevertheless, she seems to make light of her indebtedness; else why does she so persistently advertise that she's "Dreaming I love Lanthe?".....There is a good deal in taking advantage of circumstances. Now, on Wednesday of last week, when it was known that Sir Joseph Coburn was to be translated from the Egyptian Bastile to Court, Centre street was a sight to see, the sidewalks being thronged with those desirous of catching a glimpse of the coming man; and when the colored Maria came along, the crowd pressed after it, and here was the opportunity for the Olympic's "Around the Clock" wagon to "hop along too," which it did. *Postscript.*—But Joseph and his brethren were not in the Maria train. They went to court in a coach galore.....When the historian of the future comes to write up an account of Gilmore's Garden, in this city, he will be troubled somewhat by the conflicting stories which will reach him concerning the place—a hippodrome, a house of revival, a Pandemonium—a happy family, and so on; but his exercise on will make an odd mixture; and the historian, contemplating man, may grow Moody, and wonder how *Sankey* so low....."The Miner's Oath" was a play recently declined. The author might have saved himself this humiliation and mortification had he remembered that *a miner's oath* is often rejected! We stop the press to say that this has no reference to the Miner of "The London" in the Bowery—*he* doesn't take oaths, either.....Lizzie Kelsey, like many other bereaved people, had occasion last week to "mourn her loss." Having a call to "go West," *did* "go West," leaving her good clothes and jewelry in her room, in this city, in charge of her brother. He, it would appear by the abstract and brief chronicles of the time, was lured away by the smiles of a siren; and, while he was thus fascinated, evil ones entered Elizabeth's room, where they watched and prayed, and when the brother returned from his revel with the dark-eyed one, "twere vain to tell thee all he felt" as he looked upon the wreck which met his gaze. It is well that Lizzie Kelsey doesn't require much attire for her stage-dressing, otherwise she would have had nothing to wear. As the late lamented Charley Fox the minstrel used to say: "She has recovered"—her things, and the abstractors are in quod.....A live correspondent asks whether the following epitaph on dead Eph. Horn wouldn't be appropriate, seeing that he was a member of the Order of *Elks*:

Here lies a *moose*-ical *Horn*—
Though dead, to memory *deer*

.....While our people were celebrating the anniversary of the late G. Washington's Birthday, the cheerful news was being promulgated that another George had recently taken a side-partner for life—or, leastwise, until "death do them part." George Fawcett Rowe, who has been content with the reputation he has gained by his "Brass," by his connubial alliance is now possessed of the wealth of a *Girard*!.....The Two Orphans" seems to have made another strike—this time at the Grand Opera-house, and this, too, despite the fact that Catherine Claxton is in the West, with another set of "Orphans." In the language of that deep-dyed villain the Duke of Gloster:

"What does she in the West
When our brother-sovereign reigns over her subjects in the East?"

.....Antonio not only retains the "*Big 4*," but he has secured the *two Tudors, too.* Why, no, Jimmy; we said no such thing—they are not *two tooters*, but protean artists, whose merits Mr. Pastor was not slow to perceive.....It is with feelings of the liveliest gratification that we are enabled to announce that Inness has found her dog. It has been reported that the bouffe-singer was unable to keep faith with her manager and the public when she discovered that her pet had been led astray or stolen. This is probably not so. When the dog-men heard of her loss, which they learned before anyone else knew of it, they were on her like a rush, and their "Want to buy a dawg"—uttered with such pertinacity and frequency—nearly drove her mad; and *that's* why she couldn't show up before Duke Alexis.

.....Another theatre consumed by the devouring element, but, happily, without the loss of life. FOX'S American Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, is the latest addition to the list of theatrical conflagrations. It was effectually wiped out on the early Sabbath morning, when the hundreds who had witnessed the last performance there were snugly breathing the happy hours away in peaceful slumber. Just fancy what *might* have been had the fire burst out a few hours earlier, with that immense galaxy filled with its habitues! Gosh!.....Having read that Dr. Schliemann has discovered the *mouth* of a double necropolis at Mycenæ, "Our Jim" suggests that it be *stuffed*, and sent here for exhibition at the Academy of Natural Design.....And talking about exhibitions, reminds us that the acrobatic clergyman of Brooklyn had a fling at the insurance people yesterday. That's all right enough, for that that class needs looking after "nobody can deny;" but we must protest against Brother Talmadge wishing to expunge Senator Morrissey with all his imperfections on his head. What said the Christian brother? Said he: "I wish to say that John Morrissey was dead!" It made us sick at the stomach when we first read this fearful thing, and we have wept over it every other night since. How different is the dear Brother Beecher, now on a lecturing tour, from which he expects to realize forty thousand dollars as the measure of his generosity. What did Henry say on this subject? Did he wish Tilton to hand in his checks? Did he ask the early decease of Francis Moulton? Or did he desire the extermination of the "Man with the Iron Jaw" who led the lecture-course last year? Ah! we wish we knew! These little things tell the characters of the two men.....'A lover of the circus" solicits the good offices of our readers while he unburdens himself of a poem which he composed while waiting for the Electoral Commission to ante-up on Oregon. He calls it

THE LIVELY CAVALCADE.

A man he sot on to a hickory-tree,
On the watch for the grand street-parade.
When a chap he cum by, and cast up his eye,
And to the man up a tree thus he said:
"I've walked twenty miles to see this here show,
With lions and tigers and bears;
I sat on the curbstone the whole of last night—
And the circus went by, unawares."
Thus the man up a tree, in deep sympathy,
Then to the chap he replied:
"If the show you would see, you should climb up a tree,"
But the weary one gasp-ed and died!
Then down from his purchase the man from above,
And sad was the light of his eye—

When we commenced this poem we were under the impression that it would terminate in three or four stanzas, but on turning over the manuscript we find the following as far as 334, and more to come; so we have felt it to be our duty to state these facts to our readers; and if they decide that we had better go on with the returns, we'll do so; but we shall not hold ourselves responsible for the consequences. You can think it over.....Manager Daly is making strenuous efforts for future—hoisting signals of distress, we might say—which shows that the public is beginning to sour on "Lemons"—or, rather, that the patrons of the Fifth-avenue have been pretty well squeezed out.....Now are we satisfied that the managers of the San Francisco Minstrels are honest, fair-dealing men. In presenting their latest comedy, "Our Hash-house," they assured the public that the "hash" could be *examined*, which, you will remember, we mentioned last week. This week they go still further, and publicly announce that *the hash can be* ANALYZED! Hereafter we shall have no hesitation in recommending William Birch, Esq., Charles Backus, Esq., and David Wambold, Esq., for places in the Cabinet of the next President.....We think that our managers ought to give a public dinner to the military of this city for not turning out on Washington's Birthday. Thousands of strangers came to the metropolis to witness the grand military display in honor of the "Father of his Country;" but when they discovered that the soldiers had gone a-fishing, and that there would be no parade, they all bundled into the theatres, and every place of amusement was crowded. Mem. for managers—frown down all military exhibitions on holidays!

.....Everything is *blue* nowadays. We saw some *blue* Indians one day last week. Why, on Saturday night the winds *blew* fearfully. To-day is *blue* Monday, and many people will be a little off color in consequence. Since the storm ceased, we have a light *blew*. And it is intimated that *Bellew* wants to come back. More anon.....Isn't it a little bit rough on those excellent actors, Harkins, Higgins and Wells, that Harkins, Wells, etc., who have achieved fame in first-class theatres, to tote them down to the Old Bowery?.....Grand combination! Essipoff the pianist and Ole Bull the violinist are to show together on Feb. 28. Although it may not be necessary, duty to our readers induces us to say that this Ole Bull is not the *Sitting Bull* we have heard so much about lately, although they are equally *stolid-t* in their bearings. This is a *standing* Bull.....Tony Pastor appears in full-dress now when singing—good black store-clothes, white kids, silk buttons, white cravat, cut bias, and regulation vest, decollete, which does not require pulling down. Big thing! The habitues are *sold* over Tony's new get up.....And here we would fain remark that among the many beautiful attractions at Kiralfy's Niblo's Garden is Mlle. Gaugain. Those who see her once are sure to *go again*. Fact!.....It may be well to state that the J. Bradley of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, is not the J. Bradley of the Electoral Commission. Keno!

CITY SUMMARY.

KITTY O'NEIL, Willis Cobb's troupe of dogs, monkeys and goats, the Livingston Brothers and John Murtz, Jerome and Cameron, Emma Brennan and Little Gracie Wade are the reinforcements at the Theatre Comique.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, sensational sketches and a variety olio have constituted the attractions. Among the specialty artists were Louise Murio, Libby Howard, Franklin and Kincade, Lizzie Brandt, the Crimmins Brothers and Lizzie Dietz. Billed for this week are Burton Stanley, Cecile Lecompte, Eliza Newton, Harry and Octavia Cavella, and Thomas and Wilson.

MLLES. MASCARINI and Palladino and Signor Ernesto Mascagno are to appear in the reconstructed version of "Around the World in Eighty Days" at Niblo's Garden Feb. 26.

"THE ONLY" LEON is to have a benefit March 3 at Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, when he will appear in two opera-bouffes—"Galatea" and "The Island of Bachelors."

"FAUST" is shortly to be produced in its entirety at Niblo's Garden by the Strakosch Opera Troupe.

HARRY AND JOHN KERNELL, W. Henry Rice, Lola, John and Annie Tudor, Jennie Morgan, and Jennie Denzer are the new people this week at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

AN INJUNCTION was granted Feb. 24 by Judge Sedgwick in the Supreme Court, at the suit of Augustin Daly, restraining Hart Jackson of the New Broadway Theatre from producing "Our Boys." That comedy was acted for the last time there on that night.

ROSELLA NORWOOD, in consequence of a severe cold, was compelled to withdraw from the cast of "Our Boarding-house" at the Park Theatre after Wednesday night. Since then Miss Bartlett has acted Betty quite satisfactorily.

HARRY LESTER, Wm. Gordon, Frank Campbell, James Walsh, Nora Wright, Etta Shepard, Hattie Stewart, May Edwards, Emma Watson, Dela Queen, and Annie Carroll are the newcomers at the Columbia Opera-house this week.

TONY PASTOR continues to do an excellent business at his cosy little theatre, and last week he regaled his patrons with the following recruits to his forces: Lizzie Mulvey, who is attractive both in form and face; songs-and-dances, which she proved quite attractive—she was attired in male costume of blue satin faced with white; Harris and Carroll, who reappeared after a comparatively brief absence, were seen in their specialty of "White and Black," and confirmed the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of them; Delehanty and Hengler performed their character-sketch of "Serenaders' Stratagem," meeting with much applause; the Etzeltine Sisters, attired in costumes which displayed their shapely forms to good advantage, deftly manipulated Indian clubs; the songs of Gusie Leach elicited well-merited applause; a troupe of dogs under the direction of Will H. Stowe performed a number of feats which evinced a high degree of instinct; the Big Four—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—were seen in "The Lappell Family" and other of their comicalities; Millie Tourneur repeated her balancing trapeze act, which met with so much favor during her recent engagement here. Besides these, C. Worley and Frank Girard acted the sketch of "Rooms to Let;" Sam Devere gave banjo-songs and witticisms which were free from the objectionable features to which we were recently compelled to allude; Tony Pastor sang several of his most popular ditties, winding up with "The Song of the Stereoscope;" and T. G. Riggs acted the chief character in the closing sketch of "Home from the Black Hills."

THE GORMAN BROTHERS, Delevanty, Wallum and Dohm, Edna Markley, John Le Claire, Master Martin, Frank Lewis, Keating and Sands, Kelly and Ryan, and George K. Fortescue were the fresh arrivals at the Theatre Comique Feb. 19. The Gorman Brothers were seen in a triple statue clog and Lancashire clog-dances; Delevanty, Wallum and Dohm performed a series of difficult feats upon single bars; Edna Markley won the favor of the spectators by her singing; John Le Claire, in the performance of equilibristic feats, exhibited both skill and daring; Master Martin, aided by Billy Barry, performed his well-known specialty of "The Jim-Jams," creating much laughter as well as astonishment at the rapidity with which he changed his costumes for the various characters represented by him; Frank Lewis' singing of motto-songs met with approval; Keating and Sands displayed to good advantage their skill in performing upon a great variety of musical instruments; Kelly and Ryan met with success in their character songs and-dances; and George K. Fortescue gave his well-known and mirth-provoking impersonation of Lousqueezen in the burlesque of "The Two Orphans," entitled "The Two Awfuls." The full sketch included a new sketch by Edward Harrigan, entitled "Matrimonial Ads.," in which the author and Tony Hart sustained the chief characters. McKee and Seamon were seen in the sketch called "Rapid Transit." Business good.

LIZZIE KELSEY'S HANDSOME PROLES.—While Miss Kelsey was performing in Cincinnati, O., last week, she left the greater portion of her worldly goods in her apartments, No. 126 West Twenty-ninth street, in charge of her young brother, John W. Kelsey. In the same house resided Henry C. Walters and his reputed wife, Lola Walters. Young Kelsey became smitten with Mrs. Walters, and was in the habit of taking clandestine walks with her. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 20, they took a stroll down town together, and about eight o'clock, as they were returning, Mrs. Walters said to young Kelsey that she desired to reach the house half an hour or so before he arrived there. Upon his return, about one hour later, he discovered that his own and his sister's room had been broken open, and various articles of clothing, jewelry, etc.—amounting in value to over $1,000—had been stolen. He reported the robbery at the Twenty-ninth Police-station, and an officer arrested Mrs. Walters, and shortly after captured her husband in Sixth avenue. On Wednesday night Theodore Fox, a companion of Walters, was arrested at his residence in First street, and on his person was found a key fitting the house in Twenty-ninth street, and in his rooms a large portion of the stolen property. They were committed for examination.

THE ATTENDANCE was large at all of the theatres both afternoon and evening of Washington's Birthday.

MISS NEILSON'S DIVORCE.—In last week's CLIPPER we made mention of Miss Neilson's divorce. The particulars are now given: Some time ago Miss Adelaide Neilson Lee, professionally known as Miss Adelaide Neilson, applied to a firm of lawyers in London, Eng., to commence proceedings for a divorce from her husband, Mr. Philip Lee, of said firm, learning that Mrs. Lee had renounced her allegiance to the British crown in New York City in 1873, and that her naturalization papers are now on file in the office of the Court of Common Pleas, transmitted her application for divorce to Messrs. Beach & Brown, lawyers, of this city, who caused proceedings to be taken in the Supreme Court. A personal service of the papers in the suit was made upon Mr. Philip Lee in England by a member of an eminent law-firm there. The affidavit of that gentleman, proving that he knew Mr. Lee for years and had personally served a copy of the order upon Mr. Lee, in which he declares that he is unable to take a defense, are part of the record. The cause alleged for the divorce was adultery upon the part of Mr. Lee, and a hearing was had before a referee in January last. Miss Neilson was a witness to prove her marriage to the defendant, Lee in, England, and that he is also a resident of New York City by resuming her marital relations with him after she had discovered it. The offense charged in her complaint, and proven by the testimony, was committed in the year 1873, when Mr. and Mrs. Lee were stopping at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, in this city. The allegation of adultery covers a period of three months of that year, beginning with March and ending with August. During this period it was proven that Mr. Lee visited a certain house of evil repute in Twenty-fifth street, where he maintained illicit relations with one ——, an inmate of the house, a woman of notoriously unchaste character. Three gentlemen residing in society swore that they went with Lee to the house one night, and this testimony was finally supplemented by the evidence of the woman who admitted upon the stand the truth of the allegations. This woman had tried her utmost to evade the process of law, but was finally served. Lee in other houses in this city with the hope of thus eluding the search of the detectives. But her concealment was of no avail, and she was found and compelled to obey the process of the Court. There were but four witnesses altogether, so that the hearing before the referee only occupied a few days. Upon this showing and the reading of Mr. Lee's letter, in which he declares that "he is unable to make a defense," the referee reported in favor of an absolute divorce, which was granted to the lady in the Supreme Court, a short time ago.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be shortly opened under the management of George Wood.

AN INJUNCTION was granted during the past week by Judge Speir of the Superior Court, on application of Augustin Daly, restraining Mr. Munro, the publisher of a weekly paper, from printing a romance of Mr. Daly's called "Pique," in infringement of the copyright of his play entitled "Pique."

"ROSE MICHEL" was acted in the German language in the Stadt Theatre the past week.

WILKINSON BROS. sailed for England per steamer Nevada on Feb. 20. They are to open in London March 12.

THE BRAHAMS—Harry and Lizzie—start for San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 27. They open March 12 at the Bella Union Theatre, that city.

MLLE. AUGUSTA SOHLKE, the well-known dancer, sailed for Havre, France, in the steamship Canada, Feb. 24.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" was produced at the Grand Opera-house for the first time there Feb. 19, and it attracted a large attendance during the week. Entirely new scenery had been prepared for it, and the costumes were fresh and appropriate. Much care and attention to detail were bestowed upon its production, and the quartet sang the music which Miss Tissington composed for the piece, and J. Peake in the fete-scene sang a drinking-song, the quartet aiding in the chorus. As a whole, the acting was quite satisfactory, the cast being as appended: La Frochard, Mrs. Marie Wilkins; Henriette, Miss Ida Savory; Louise, Miss Nina Varian; Marianne, Miss Louise Sylvester; Countess de Linieres, Mrs. Ida Meek; Sister Genevieve, Miss Cecile Rush; Sister Therese, Mrs. F. Tannehill; Julie, Miss Ethel Allen; Florette, Miss Helen Vincent; Cora, Miss F. Leiran; Chevalier Maurice De Vaudrey, S. W. Piercy; Count De Linieres, G. F. Devere; Picard, G. W. Giddens; Jacques Frochard, M. W. Leffingwell; Pierre Frochard, Lorin Ardrich; Marquis de Presles, J. A. McVicker's Peakes; La Fleur, J. Struthers; Doctor, H. B. Phillips; Martin, F. Tannehill; Officer of the Guard, G. Burkes; Chief-clerk, C. Warwick; De Mailly, J. Clement; De Estress, G. Dalton.

THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE at the Olympic Theatre since our last report, and apparently none was needed, the capacity of the auditorium was severely tested on many nights last week. "Round the Clock" is to be continued.

NOTHING NEW can be said about the attractions at Niblo's Garden, which served to crowd that capacious theatre last week to the fullest extent. Latecomers were disappointed in securing even standing-room. "Around the World in Eighty Days" will soon give place to "A Trip to the Moon."

AT THE LONDON, the fresh attractions are Pedro La Pointe and De Leon, gymnasts; Emily Prior, vocalist; Martini Chirlaki, juggler and slack-wire performer; Sadie Connelly, song-and-dance; Will H. Stowe, mystic changes, and his troupe of performing dogs; the Morosco Family, gymnasts and acrobats; Belle Harcourt, vocalist; and King Sarbro, Japanese rope-performer. From last week's company the following will be retained: Andy and Annie Hughes, the Sharpley Brothers, Dave

MISS BEATRICE STRAFFORD made her first appearances at Ford's, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 22, 24, as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in "East Lynne." She proved to be young and inexperienced, and made a mistake in assuming a role which necessarily forced the comparison with that of other great artists who have played the same characters; yet she is not lacking in qualities which, with time and strict study, may develop into genius. Annis Montague as Barbara Hare did well, and sang "You'll Remember Me" with fine effect. Mrs. Germon as Corny Carlyle, C. L. Farwell as Archibald, and Louis James as Sir Francis Levison, deserve more than mention. Feb. 26 Mary Anderson ..... Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence open at the Academy of Music Feb. 26. Letter of Feb. 24.

ADVICES FROM ST. LOUIS, MO., are rather meagre, sickness having kept our correspondent confined to his room for the entire week. He is only able to state that Fanny Janauschek opened at the Opera-house Feb. 19, since when a large business has been done. The opening bill was "Macbeth," followed by "Mary Stuart" 20, "Deborah" 21, "Bleak House" 22, 23, 24. Callender's Georgia Minstrels begin an engagement 26, and during that week Ben De Bar and company go to Nashville, Tenn. ..... John McCullough opens at the Olympic 26.

LISA WEBER'S BURLESQUE TROUPE commences an engagement of one week at the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Feb. 26.

JOHN E. OWENS, assisted by Miss Minette Thompson, occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the past week, appearing in "The Heir-at-law," "The Rivals," "Our Boys," "Victims," "Solon Shingle," and "The Happiest Day of My Life." The attendance was fair only.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Reading, Pa., last week John T. Raymond impersonated Col. Mulberry Sellers supported by Henry E. Abbey's Dramatic Company. Business fair. The support was excellent, particularly the S1 Hawkins of J. B. Everham; Clay Hawkins, T. F. Egberts; Col. Selby, Geo. B. Waldron; Uncle Daniel, W. Cullington; Laura Hawkins, Isabel Waldron; Emily Hawkins, Anna Bleakley; Mrs. S1 Hawkins, Mrs. Vanderen. They play in Harrisburg 26, Columbia 27, Lancaster 28, Norristown March 1, New Brunswick, N. J., 2, and Paterson 3.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON commenced a week's engagement at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 19, appearing as Miss Multon in the play of that name. The artistic merit of Miss Thompson, and the success with which the play has met in other cities, should have drawn large audiences, but they have been only fair. The support rendered by the stock company was good, and the setting of the play was superb. "Jane Eyre" was produced Feb. 23, and continued the attraction the rest of the week. Lawrence Barrett opens 26.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS and J. C. McCollom commenced an engagement at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Feb. 19, in "Mary Stuart," which was repeated 22. "Amy Robsart" was given 20, 21, "Marie Antoinette" and "The Jealous Wife" 23, "Lucretia Borgia" and "The Jealous Wife" 24. An extra matinee was given on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion a very good audience was present. On the 26th Miss Hunter and Miss Lizzie Price open in "Monte Cristo." ..... The Boucicault Comedy Company, H. J. Sargent manager, are billed to appear at Martin Hall in "Forbidden Fruit" for three nights and a matinee, commencing 26. ..... W. F. Edwards, the heavy-man of the Leland Opera-house, was married to Molly Moreland, walking-lady of same establishment. ..... Thomas Regan, a gentleman for many years connected with the press in the capacity of correspondent of various theatrical journals, died in this city on Feb. 19. Mr. Regan was well and favorably known among the profession, and the news of his demise will be read with feelings of deep regret. Advices of Feb. 25.

THE LOTTIE COMBINATION, under the management of Wm. Henderson, are to perform in Geneva, N. Y., Feb. 26, Watkins 27, Bath 28 and March 1, Elmira 2, 3.

BOUCICAULT'S COMEDY COMPANY, in "Forbidden Fruit," are billed in Bath, N. Y., March 7, Elmira 8, and Towanda, Pa., 9.

LOTTA is to commence an engagement in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., March 5.

NEUENDORFF'S GERMANIA THEATRE COMPANY will give a performance at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 14, for the benefit of the Family Orphan Education Society of that city.

MISS MARY ANDERSON commenced an engagement of four nights at the Theatre, Richmond, Va., Feb. 21, opening with "The Lady of Lyons," that being her first appearance in that city. "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth" and "Guy Mannering" were given the rest of the engagement to good houses. The support was indifferent. During the performance on Thursday evening there came very near being a panic, owing to some thoughtless person burning paper in the vestibule of the building adjoining the theatre, and appearing to be rising from the floor, caused considerable excitement for a short time. Several ladies screamed, and many persons left the house. The company closed 24, going to Baltimore.

JOHN E. OWENS and company are announced for three nights and a matinee, commencing March 1. Letter of Feb. 25.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., J. Milton Nobles commenced Feb. 19 in "Rip Van Winkle," and appeared also during the week in "The Phoenix" and "Diamond in the Rough." He is a powerful and pleasing actor, and drew large audiences during his engagement. He was well supported by the stock company, the acting of Messrs Mortimer, Smith and Wren being especially commendable. The Misses Pierce and Hooker were all that could be desired. Feb. 26 Miss Rachel Noah commences an engagement of three nights, appearing in "Fanchon." March 1 the Boucicault Comedy Company open in "Forbidden Fruit." Letter of Feb. 24.

J. M. THOMPSON is the author of a burlesque comedy entitled "Election, or the Returning Board," which, he states, will shortly be produced at a leading theatre.

WILL O'KEEFE is engaged for first comedy with Edwin Clifford's company for the coming season.

BESSIE DARLING will appear in a new emotional drama, written expressly for her, which, with the roles enumerated in the card in another column, forms her repertory for the season.

MUSICAL.

G. H. COES' arrangements of clog, hornpipe, reels, etc., for violin, are published in book form by L. P. Goulland, at the advertised price.

A LOT OF OPERAS, violins, violoncellos, and popular music of all kinds are offered for sale at A. L. Stoddart's establishment. See card.

A LIST OF MUSIC issued by L. P. Goulland, including Gus Williams' comic songs and many other favorites, can be found published in another column.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB will sing at Newburg, N. Y., Feb. 26, Fishkill 27, Troy March 1, Albany 2, New Brunswick, N. J., 5, Princeton 6.

THE HYERS SISTERS performed in Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 23. They are to appear in Ansonia 26, Middletown 27, New Haven 28, March 1, Westerly, R. I., 2, Phœnix 3, Worcester, Mass., 5, Providence, R. I., 6, 7, North Attleboro, Mass., 8, Woonsocket, R. I., 9, and Bristol 10.

S. T. JACK of Oil City, Pa., who has just concluded a tour of the oil regions with the Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe, is to start from Jamestown, N. Y., Feb. 27, upon another tour of twelve nights' duration, with the same company.

J. H. WHEELER, instructor on the banjo and violin, advertises elsewhere.

A SECOND-HAND CLARIONET is wanted as per card.

TWO MUSICIANS, who play cornet and bass, want an engagement. Address A. Klein, as per card.

"THE MALE COQUETTE" is the title of a new comic song published by T. A. Crosbie, Trenton, N. J.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER advertises for an engagement with a traveling company.

MUSIC for professional and amateur banjoists can be obtained of Al. Baur, who also advertises to give instructions by mail.

J. H. ESTEY'S SWISS BELLRINGERS are to show in Kentland, Ind., Feb. 26, Goodland 27, Walcott 28, Remington March 1, Monticello 2, Rensselaer 3, Brook 5, Francisville 6, Medariville 7, Lacrosse 8, and Wonatah 9. Charles Reese, comedian of this company, was presented by the management, in Rossville, Ill., Feb. 19, with a diamond pin, said to be valued at $75.

FOR A LIST of the latest cheap music see Harding's card elsewhere.

"FAUST AND MARGUERITE" was produced Feb. 19 at the Kiralfys' Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, by Mr. Strakosch's company, with Tom Karl and Madame Pappenheim in the respective title-roles. The scenery was excellent, and the arrival of the scene of a Walpurgis night furnished a favorable opportunity for Signor Ernesto Mascagno to introduce his ballet troupe in some wild and fantastic dances. Signora Galimberti, who made on this occasion her first appearance in America, was a creditable representative of Siebel. "Faust and Marguerite" was repeated during the past week, four representations being given in Italian and two in English.

SIGNOR PIETRO BACCEI, a tenor connected with Maurice Strakosch's Italian-opera company, had a suit on Feb. 24 before Alderman Urian, in Philadelphia, on a charge of alleged embezzlement, preferred by Mr. Strakosch. It appears by Strakosch's testimony that Baccei, after receiving salary in advance, declined to fill his contract to sing. He was held to bail for a further hearing.

THE HYERS SISTERS are still engaged in giving concerts in and around Philadelphia.

BLIND TOM was in Montreal, Can., Feb. 16, 17, 19, 20. He shows in Carleton Place 26, Almonte 27, and Arnprior 28.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS" was given by a German Opera Company at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Feb. 23.

LARGE AUDIENCES attended the performances of the Emily Soldene Comic-opera Troupe at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., where "Pouliet and Poulette" was presented Feb. 19, 22, "Trial by Jury" and "Chilperic" 20, 24, "L'A-chiduc" 21, "Grand Duchess" 23. They sing in Chicago 26.

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., last week, the Kellogg English-opera Company produced "The Star of the North" on Monday, "The Flying Dutchman" on Wednesday, "The Bohemian Girl" on Friday, and "Mignon" on Saturday matinee. Clara Louise Kellogg singing in each opera.

DEAKIN'S LILLIPUTIANS commenced a successful engagement at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Feb. 20, giving daily matinees. "Jack the Giant Killer" is very amusing, and Col. Goshen and the little folks did their best to please. Com. Nutt and Miss Jennie Quigley were the recipients of much applause. Miss Ella Kirtland did a graceful highland fling.

RICHINGS' ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY, under the management of J. E. Davis, is to perform in New Brighton, Pa., March 12, New Castle 13, Steubenville, O., 14, and Wheeling, W. Va., 15.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE commences a week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Feb. 26. ..... Ole Bull is to appear in concert at Lincoln Hall March 7.

BANJOS, banjo-music and strings can be purchased of Charles E. Dobson, whose address find in our business department.

A GOOD FLUTIST and a double-bass are wanted for Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. See card.

F. JOHNSTAK, clarionet-player, desires an engagement. See card.

CARL GAERTNER'S eleventh orchestral matinee was given Feb. 22, at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Mrs. E. M. Hunt and Miss Kate H. Chandler being the soloists.

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commence a season at the Kiralfys' Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 5th of March.

THE OATES OPERA COMPANY, under the management of Samuel Colville, will terminate the present season at Cincinnati, O., March 3, and commence a Spring season in New York City 12. Vocalists and a Canseuse are wanted. Address as per card.

JACK WILLIAMSON, snare-drummer, advertises for an engagement with a circus or hall show. He can also furnish a brass or string band.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" was sung at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, at a matinee, Feb. 22, by an amateur company, under the direction of Carl Ludwig Praeger. The attendance was moderate, and the performance mediocre in the extreme. The Praegers took no part except in directing.

MME. ELEANORA SENATE MONTIJO will give a concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, March 1.

THE OATES ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE closed a successful week's engagement in Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 24, giving in the order named "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "Girofle-Girofla," "Princess of Trebizonde," "Grand Duchess," "The Pretty Perfumer," "Trial by Jury," and "Les Bavards," with essentially the same casts as last season. Bliss Whitaker took a benefit Thursday afternoon, which was largely attended. Miss Emily Soldene and her English Comic-opera Company commence a season Feb. 26, giving, first time in this city, "Pouliet and Poulette." ..... Miss Julia Rive gave two matinee recitals at Hershey Music Hall 22, 24, assisted by Mrs. Clara D. Satacey, soprano, and Mr. H. C. Eddy. A sacred concert will be given 27 at the Tabernacle for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., conducted by Profs. Stebbins and Tomlins. ..... "Telephone," with music by telegraph, will be the subject of a lecture by the inventor, Prof. Elisha Gray, at McCormick's Hall 27, under auspices of the American Electrical Society. ..... Strakosch is arranging for a concert tour with Ole Bull. Letter of Feb. 24.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD English-opera Troupe concluded a successful season at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 24. The strength of the company was tested severely by three of the principal performers being at different times so affected with hoarseness that they could not appear—something not unusual, considering the Buffalo climate. The principal members of the company were Pierre Bernard, Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Drayton, Hattie Moore, Harry Gates, W. H. Kinross, John J. Benitz, and L. R. Cole. The chorus was good, Deakin's Lilliputian Comic-opera Troupe are announced 26 for one week. Advices of Feb. 25.

THE SWEDISH LADY QUARTET will give their second concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 1.

DIME BANJO MUSIC CO. are now furnishing orchestral arrangements of any song for seven instruments, for the price advertised in their card in another column.

MISS FLORENCE DAVENPORT, a younger daughter of the tragedian E. L. Davenport, will make her first appearance at the inaugural matinee concert of Mark Hassler, at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, on the 3d of March.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS appeared in Newburg, N. Y., Feb. 21, Fishkill 22, Poughkeepsie 23, Rondout 24, and are to give entertainments in Kingston 26, Catskill 27, Hudson 28, Chatham March 1, Great Barrington, Mass., 2, Lee 3, Pittsfield 5, Mr. Spaulding reports that business has been very good, and the following notices testify to the popularity of the troupe:

The Spauldings never gave a better concert here than that of last Thursday night. Georgie Dean Spaulding certainly has a genius for music, and excels on the harp, bells, cornet and musical glasses. Mr. Spaulding is a model manager, as well as an accomplished performer on the harp and bells. The children were "as cunning as cunning could be," and Master Abbey Burt created much laughter by comic songs and quaint changes of make-up. His rendering of Will Carleton's new organ in the church was especially good. Altogether, the concert was remarkably good.—*Norwalk (Ct.) Gazette.*

Spaulding's Swiss Bellringers gave a very fine entertainment at Music Hall last Saturday evening. In their line of business the company has no peers, and Miss Georgie Dean Spaulding is a musical genius, her performance upon the harp, cornet, bells and musical glasses being extraordinarily fine. Mr. Burt is a host in himself. His humorous ballads are very mirth-provoking. The Helacon Brass Band, composed of four lady players, is a novelty, and really a fine performance. The little folks, who sang prettily, are one of the most pleasing parts of the entertainment. Mr. Spaulding is well known as the leading performer upon the bass bells. We might go on and name each performer, but it would be only to praise them; so we might as well combine all in one comment—the best troupe traveling in the country.—*South Norwalk (Ct.) Sentinel.*

VARIETY HALLS.

HOWARD & HALL'S SPECIALTY TROUPE, with Lawrence Howard as business-manager and Harry Hall as stage-manager, performed in Seward, Neb., Feb. 19, Omaha 20, 21, thence to the Black Hills. The company includes Clara Hastings and Rosie Gibbs, vocalists; Lawrence Howard, comedian; Harry Hall, Irish and Dutch vocalist; and Dick Durran, banjoist.

ROOFSMAN AND WILSON, musical mokes and specialty artists, advertise for engagements.

STARS and combinations desiring engagements at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in May, are referred to W. J. Gilmore's advertisement.

TEN BALLET-DANCERS are wanted by Manning & Lord, who publish further particulars in a card.

BRANDT'S HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., was not opened under the name of the Capitol Theatre on Feb. 21, as intended, owing to the lessee, Harry Singer, having failed to complete the arrangements therefor. Frank Drayton is to endeavor to open it about the middle of March.

TONY PASTOR is now negotiating for his traveling company, to perform for a short season during the coming Summer in San Francisco, Cal.

PROF. HUGHES' ENTERTAINMENT is still being exhibited at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. In consequence of the success of this illusion, Prof. Hughes has canceled the dates heretofore announced, and will continue at the Athenæum until further notice. These illusionary effects will be introduced in the play of "The Dead Witness," shortly to be produced there. Prof. Hughes is now organizing a combination company to go out for the Summer and show at all of the larger cities. See card for particulars.

SAUL SEMTEKW advertises to write every description of songs to order.

N. K. LEAVITT'S stump-speech on topics of the day, and every variety of negro wigs, can be obtained at his advertised address.

AN EXPERIENCED PARTNER in the musical business is wanted by X. Y. Z., who advertises that he would like to hear from Johnny Emerson.

LESTER AND WILLIAMS, who were performing last week at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., join Emerson's Minstrels Feb. 26.

MANAGER TOOKER of the Norfolk (Va.) Varieties advertises for talent.

AT CENTENNIAL MUSIC HALL, Chicago, Ill., first-class performers can procure engagements by addressing Raymond Kaltenbach, manager, or Andy Morris, stage-manager.

ARTISTS WITH SPECIALTIES, lady vocalists, a violinist, and an advance-agent are wanted for the Com. Foote party, which is to start on the road April 9. See card. The Commodore states that he is organizing a first-class party, with an entirely new outfit, a fine span of ponies, and a handsome new chariot.

VARIETY PERFORMERS, especially ladies, are wanted at the Theatre Comique, Springfield, O., a card from Managers Ridenour & Co., published elsewhere, and signed by the members of the company performing at this house, contains a statement in regard to the financial status of the management and other particulars.

THE FOURTH-AVENUE THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., is to open for the season March 12 under the management of W. Walker, with B. G. Grey stage-manager. Artists in all branches of the business are wanted for the inaugural performance.

DAN NASH, Irish comedian and character artist, sails for Liverpool, Eng., March 1, in the steamship Ohio, from Philadelphia, Pa., to fulfill engagements at the Star Music Hall, Birmingham, and Oxford, London.

MCDONNIN AND MITCHELL in their musical specialties are open for engagements. See card, wherein they announce their business as consisting of Irish and Ethiopian sketches, in which they play on numerous musical instruments and give imitations of popular singers and dancers.

GOOD VARIETY TALENT is wanted at Egyptian Hall, this city.

THOMAS HOLMES, international variety agent, 31 Waterloo road, S. E., London, Eng., inserts his card in our business department, and states that he is prepared to negotiate engagements for American artists in England or on the continent of Europe. He refers to several well-known performers for whom he has transacted business.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., "Tom Markham the Scout," with a fine cast and new scenery, introducing realistic battle-pieces and allegorical tableaux, was given with good effect during the week for the benefit of the Grand Army Relief Fund, to which was added an attractive variety bill, good business being the result. Sid C. France commences a week's engagement Feb. 26 in "Marked for Life," with an olio added, comprising Miss Gussie McCain in vocalisms, John and Mary Cannon in Irish specialties, Dick Gorman in dialect, Haley and Weaver, John Klotz, Dick Dilon and Sophia Strauss, and the Lee Family, gymnasts. ..... Valentine Love's benefit on Sunday night, Feb. 18, which was a pronounced success, was marked by a series of pleasant surprises. First, Mr. Love and Miss Nellie Maskell were each made the recipients of some handsome table silverware, after which Prof. Wilson the ventriloquist was presented with a large and valuable gold medal. ..... The Coliseum has been favored with good houses to witness the presentation of "Joshua Whitcomb" by Den Thompson, assisted by Miss Julia Wilson. The same attractions will be continued another week, including the Hennessy Bros., Kate Harding, Chalet, Joe Lang and Florence Marcy, with the following new people: The Stuart Sisters, Miss Belle Celeste and W. H. Mathews, and Miss Adrienne Gray. ..... The Academy of Music continues to flourish, mingling comedy, tragedy, farce and burlesque in such pleasing profusion as to satisfy everyone. We append the appearances for the current week: The Snow Bros. and performing dogs, Emma Betts, Jona Lang, Barlow Bros., Haley and Fay, Hamilton, Gardner, the Lawrence Sisters, Katie Howard, Kelley, Roch Lamont, Gilbert, and Zuella. Advices of Feb. 24.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., for the week ending Feb. 24, the new arrivals were Murphy and Shannon, song-and-dance; Baby Bindley, the juvenile prodigy; Manchester and Jennings, song-and-dance; the Tudors, comic songs and specialties; Miss Jennie Morgan, balladist; the Victorellis, acrobats; Chace and Davis, song-and-dance; the entertainment winding up with the drama "The Dawn of Freedom, or Sumter." House good. ..... At the Olympic Theatre the new faces 24 were Miss Viola Rogers, vocalist; Prof. Emil Goroux, juggler; Geo. Warren, banjoist; Miss Nellie Vincent, vocalist; Holbrook and Ryan, song-and-dance; James Taylor, Teutonic specialties; Mlle. Adeline, juggler; J. H. Graham, vocalist; Harry Wilkinson, bones; Hussner and Hutter, gymnasts; and Davenport Brothers, acrobats. Houses good.

"LEA THE SHOCK," presented by Rollin Howard, Nellie Larkelie, T. W. Henshew and company, was the leading attraction last week at the Comique, Toledo, O., drawing good houses. On retiring last Saturday evening, Miss Larkelie carelessly left off one of the covers to the stove in her room, and the result was she nearly died from the effects of the escaping gas; but she has appeared each evening, although she has not entirely recovered. Closing Feb. 24: Burke and Mara, to Buffalo; and Tudell and Berne, to Cincinnati. To open 26: Miss Blanche Clifton and McCauley and Bell. ..... At the Adelphi, Harry Stanwood, Wm. Clifford and Miss Emma Burton were the new people. Closing 24: Crawford Brothers and Wm. Clifford. Opening 26: The Antonio Family—four in number—Mabel Sanilev and Ned West. Business fair. Letter of Feb. 23.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., an excellent programme, with "Cinderella," has been provided for the patrons of that cosy little theatre the past week. The newcomers Feb. 26 will be E. L. (Dutch) Morris, Baby Bindley, Prof. Bindley, the Russell Brothers, the McDermott Sisters, and Zitella's Female Minstrels. The regular Sunday-evening entertainment 25 introduced Kate Ethel the reader; Nellie Brooks, soprano; Chas. H. Atkinson, baritone; and Prof. Elwyn Conner in his lecture on the Yosemite Valley.

THE NEW FACES at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 19, were Mason and Dixon, Sam Deerin, Lorenzo, Allen, and Louis Rouche, Marie Whittingham, Master Newman, Satsuma and Little Au-right, and Layton and Warwick—the last six are re-engaged. Business ruled large all the week, including the extra matinee, when there was not even standing-room. Closed 24: Mason and Dixon, to New Haven; Sam Deerin, to Pittsburg; Lorenzo and Allen join Callender's Minstrels; Louis Rouche lays off. Billed for 26: Burke and Mora, Lizzie Barrett, John Hogan, Alice Balfour, Jessie Boyd, and J. H. Jeffreys. Murphy and Shannon were billed for Feb. 19, but telegraphed they were sick and could not come. A telegram of inquiry to Col. Sinn of Brooklyn, N. Y., at whose house they were playing, elicited a reply from that gentleman that "their excuse was false." Letter of Feb. 25.

THE ATTENDANCE at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., during the past week continued large. The new faces Feb. 19 were the Boissetts (John, Fred, Jules and Hugo) in horizontal-bar exercises and other specialties, deserving the applause they received; Jenna Roome, who was accorded a hearty welcome; Lottie La Point in fancy dances neatly done; Mullen and Kline, Irish double song-and-dance and jig; Carrie Davenport, club-swinger; and Gussie Walby and Jennie Westbrook as participants in the concluding sketch of "The Unhappy King." Agnes Gerard, who was announced, failed to appear. Closures 24: Frankie Johnson, to Hartford, Ct.; Bobby Allen and Mullen and Kline, to New York; and the Boissetts. Announced for 26: Searles, Downing and Gregson, Chace and Davis and Sam Martin. ..... At the Metropolitan business has been large. The new appearances 19 were Adolph Francoeh in German vocalisms, George Velna in contortion acts, Erba Robeson in vocal selections, the Richmond Sisters in double songs-and-dances, John Reilly in Irish songs-and-dances, Fields and Hoey, musical act; Harry Thorne, clown; and Drew and Lawton in eccentric songs-and-dances. The latter named were added to the company 21. Departures 24: Drew and Lawton and Adolph Francoeh, to New York; Stuart Sisters, to Chicago; Erba Robeson, to Pittsburg, Pa.; John Reilly, to Hartford, Ct. Announced for 26: McKee and Seamon, Taylor, Green and Taylor, Viola Clifton, and Tierney and Cronin. Fields and Hoey are to have a benefit March 2. Advices of Feb. 24.

CINCINNATI VARIETY CORRESPONDENCE for Feb. 23 runs as follows: "Frank Jones, John S. Norton, Minnie Vernon, Carrie Lewis, and Turner and Geyer were the fresh appearances 26 at the National Theatre Comique 18. Mr. Jones was to have appeared in drama, but for some reason his parts failed to come on, and instead he gave a musical act. John S. Norton played Edward Wirt in his own three-act drama Under the Gaslows. Carrie Lewis, clad in male costume, succeeded nicely in Dutch songs. Minnie Vernon appeared in serio-comic selections, and Turner and Geyer in acrobatic songs-and-dances. An extra matinee was given 22 to a good house. Hereafter regular matinees are announced for Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Departures 24: James S. and Kate Edwards and Frank Jones, to Indianapolis; Dick Gorman, Chicago. To open 25: James Welch and Maud Le Moine, Tillie Antonio, Julia Walcott, Imogene Kent, Joe Childs, and John Morrissey. ..... The Coliseum's new people 18 were Rel Mucah, the Tennesee Jubilee Singers, Josephine Shandley, and Clark and Fletcher. Rel Mucah attempted an iron-cage act to show his immunity from fire. He was scorched himself, and the flies of the theatre were put in a blaze, but the flames were smothered at once with Babcock's extinguishers. Mr. Mucah's engagement was then ended. The Jubilee Singers, eight in number, made a pronounced hit. Josephine Shandley's operatic vocalisms were excellent. Burt Clark and Walter Fletcher, who have just united, proved a host in harness. Business big. Departures 24: The Antonio Family, to Toledo; Howard Dorr and son, Chicago; and Lizzie Byrnes, unknown. ..... At Heck's, Billy Noonan, Alice Bateman, Dick Mack, Jacob Riley, and Cummings and Hines were the new appearances 18, and all made excellent impressions. Mr. Noonan and Miss Bateman in clogs and sketches, Dick Mack in North Irish songs, Riley in juggling-act, and Cummings and Hines in songs-and-dances. Business fair. Departures 24: W. F. Mills, to Cleveland; and Ida Clifton, Toledo. To open 25: The Austin Brothers, Annie Fox, and Charles Edwards. The proprietor has purchased a lot forty feet front in the rear of the present hall, and intends to rebuild and enlarge this Spring, making a first-class theatre ..... No changes at Bodinier's. Next week will be the last of the present edifice, which will be forthwith torn away, and a new theatre built. ..... Shickling's Hall opened 18 with George Morton and M. A. Griffin as managers. Darroll Walworth, Arthur and Hyams, P. H. Collins, Harry Blood, Harry Collins, Billy Williams, Billy Conway, Kate Forrester, Annie Florence, May Clifton, and Kate Chamberlain comprised the company. The place collapsed 21. ..... McCullough and Casey, who made a hit as cloggists, and Hensley and Johnson, song-and-dance, were the newcomers at the Winter Garden this week. Business fair. Departures 24: Gilday and Gimiven, to Detroit, Mich.; Mlle. Villettes, destination unknown; Fanny Douglass, New York; Rose Goodall, Philadelphia. Arrivals 27: Charley Howard, Erba Robeson, Sam Dearin, the Lawrence Sisters and Neonkiets. ..... Wm. Walker of Brooklyn has leased the Fourth-avenue Variety Theatre, lately run by Harry Martin. Letter of Feb. 25.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., the female-minstrel scene was revived the past week, the comicalities of Add Weaver and Oscar Willis, and the vocal efforts of Lottie Brown and the Æolian Quartet making it an enjoyable fixture. D. L. Morris, Tom Granger, Kitty Allyne, and the Æolian Quartet, who as the Hemlown Sindens received liberal applause for their finely-rendered negro hymns, constituted the attractions 19. Lottie Brown has been secured for the season. The company appeared in a varied programme at Roberts' Opera-house 22 to a fair-sized audience. Closing 24: The McDermott Sisters and D. L. Morris, to Boston; and Edwin French, to New York. Announced for 26: Miss Frankie Johnson and the Lyon Sisters.

THE BELLA UNION VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., closed on Feb. 21, owing to the receipts not covering the expenses. Of the company, Mlle. Rose Millie and Maggie Murray, Jas. A. Gulick, J. C. Murphy, and Thos. Young go to Little Rock, Ark.; the Reynolds Sisters, Mme. Rinehart, Bertie Rinehart and Tommy Nell, to Cincinnati, O. Mlle. Albertine, who has just filled a successful engagement at Dallas, Texas, returned to her home on Feb. 21.

GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC FEATS are taught for the stage by Ripley, who advertises.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., last week, business held good. The bill commenced with a sketch called "Honest John," by Clark Gibbs, G. L. Stout, Christie Miller, Deland Boyle and Geo. France, followed by Adele Leonard in operatic selections; Alfred and William Mason in a double trapeze-act, and later in acrobatic feats; the Brahams in a musical sketch; Cheevers and Kennedy did a very clever change act; Will. H. Morton in refined vocalisms; Watson and Ellis in Teutonic peculiarities proved a feature; Pat Rooney in Irish songs finished the olio, the performance concluding with "Old Fidelity," with the exception of Saturday matinee and night, when "Jack Sheppard" was given, with G. L. Stout, James Bradley and Estelle Mortimer in the leading parts. Departures 24: Adele Leonard, to Washington, D. C.; the Brahams, who sail for Australia March 7; Cheevers and Kennedy, to Philadelphia, Pa.; Pat Rooney, to Boston; and the Miacos. To open 26: Clifton and Forepaugh, Walters and Morton, Wm. Courtright, Murphy and Morton, the Phottes, and D. A. Kelly. ..... At the New Central Theatre, Kitty Parker gave banjo-selections and also Dutch specialties; the Fontainbleaus appeared in a hat-spinning act, and later in songs and duets; James and Susie Dillon in character songs; Clark Brothers in "The Music Teacher's Troubles." Walter Bray, not having fully recovered from his late accident, was only able to appear one night. Master Sniffen, who assisted Kitty Parker in her sketch called "Julius Sneezer's Courtship," failing to please, his services were dispensed with. The comedy of "Gus the Masher," with George W. Middleton in the leading role, concluded the bill. Closing 24: Clark Brothers, to New York; George W. Middleton, no engagement; C. Howard, to Pittsburg, Pa. Billed for 26: Sommers and Kirk, and George Thompson. ..... At the Odeon, Emma Devere executed some neat dancing. M. C. Healey and Ella Saunders gave an artistic statue-clog. Johnny and Lydia Sheeran, as a tasteful and cultivated singer, with a rich, melodious voice, sang "Gathering Shells by the Seashore" in a manner which elicited a warm encore, while Mr. J. E. Murphy rendered the ballad "Speak, Mary," equally effectively. Billy West, George H. Edwards, and Fox and Ward, end-men, are a host in themselves, and the witty dialogue and racy jokes in which they indulged were the songs were the most amusing features of the entertainment. Mr. Frank Kent, female impersonator, rendered his character songs intensely, and his rollicking gait, good falsetto voice, that and his marvelous make-up rendered the illusion perfect. Fox and Ward have long been recognized as chief among song-and-dance artists, and last night only confirmed previous opinion as to their merits, their clog-dance being a marvel of grace, dexterity and agility. The farcical sketches with which the night's amusement abounded were productive of unlimited merriment, and, while never descending to vulgarity, were as broadly humorous as any disciple of Momus could demand. The entire company will appear, again to-night, and to-morrow evening will close their engagement here. We were informed their receipts of last night reached a little over eleven hundred dollars.

THE SWEDISH LADY QUARTET in Newark, N. J., Feb 20 to a fair house. Our correspondent says: "The performance was excellent in every respect, especially the singing of the quintet in the first-part. The songs sung were changed from those on the programme, but were announced by Mr. Gulick, and gave entire satisfaction. The company is second to none in the business, and is always welcome."

CIRCUSES.

To Circus-managers.

Such managers of shows that will travel during the coming tenting season as may desire to have a list of their companies, officers, etc., together with a description of their outfit, and other matters of interest, recorded in THE CLIPPER for future reference, are respectfully notified that by sending a detailed description thereof to this office, at their earliest convenience, such information will appear in the next subsequent issue of THE CLIPPER.

THE OUTFIT OF DAN CASTELLO'S Centennial Show, including canvas, cages, wagons, pad, bareback and trick horses, harness, wardrobe, flags, etc., can be purchased of E. B. Palmer, whose address find in our business department.

A SIDESHOW consisting of a performing cockatoo, performing dogs and French and Dutch paintings, can be engaged. Address James A. Quigley, as per advertisement.

SIG. MARTINI and R. I. Legab, double-trapeze artists and magic-barrel performers, leapers and tumblers, can be engaged for the tenting season or with variety companies. Address care of this office.

SELLS BROTHERS' Great European Show, which is now wintering in Topeka, Kansas, for the season of 1877, will have eighteen cages of animals, three fine tableau wagons — one drawn by elephants, one by ten camels, and one by sixteen Shetland ponies. The people at present engaged are Willie Cobb and troupe of educated dogs, goats and monkeys, Harry Codona, Charles Ewers, Willie Gaylord, J. L. Davenport and wife, Joel Davidson, little Willie Sells, and Louis Heck's band of twelve musicians. The privileges will be run by Nick White and Lem Quillan.

LEM QUILLAN, clown, whose address find in another column, can be engaged.

WM. MUNROE, four-horse and hurdle rider and equestrian-director, for the past five years with Forepaugh's Show, advertises for an engagement.

WILLIS COBB, clown, and his miniature circus of monkeys, goats and dogs, go with Sells Bros.' European Circus for the tenting season of 1877.

MLLE. LEONA, wire-walker, and James Le Clair, clown and vocalist, can be engaged for the tenting season. They also do double trapeze and will go in concert. Address as per advertisement.

LOLA, trapeze artist, etc.; Jennie Denzer, serio-comic vocalist; and Little Pearly, child contortionist, can be secured by circus managers for the season. See card.

CIRCUS PERFORMERS WHO TRIED TO BE MARINERS.—In June, 1876, Buckley & Gaylord, as managers of Mabie's Circus, chartered the steamer Laurie L. Davis for six weeks to transport the circus, menagerie, and company on a tour up the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the managers to pay the expenses of the boat and the wages of the crew. The enterprise was not very successful, and about July 5 the outfit was landed in St. Louis, where it was seized under attachment for debt, leaving the company principally unpaid. To save expenses certain of the company had helped to fire up, load, and unload, etc., and, not getting pay, brought a suit against the boat for their wages, under the Admiralty laws, suing as mariners. Voluminous depositions were introduced in the case, which was argued in the United States District Court. Judge Treat rendered his decision recently, to the effect that circus men were not mariners within the meaning of the law, and judgment was rendered for defendants.

AN ELEPHANT is offered for sale by Davis & Co., who advertise.

ADOLPHE BERNARD, back and forward somersault rider, with his horse, can be engaged for the coming season. See card.

C. H. SCOTT Jr. of Red Bank, N. J., is engaged to go with Van Amburgh & Co. as press-agent. This is his fourth season with the Van Amburgh Company.

J. H. TREWOLLA, clown and ringmaster, also negro comedian in concert, advertises for an engagement.

BENSLEY, magic-barrel, crystal-pyramid and horizontal-bar performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

J. H. MACK publishes a card stating that he will be in New York March 7, and circus performers desiring engagements are requested to meet him at the address given.

A SENSATIONAL SPECIALTY is wanted for the concert attached to the London Show. See G. W. Zebold's card.

SIMON BLACKCHIEF and his troupe of juvenile acrobats, riders and gymnasts, and trained Indians, can be engaged by applying to his advertised address.

R. S. WEEB, for past three years with the Barnum Show, has secured the programme privilege with the Great Forepaugh Show, which is to travel by rail and visit California the coming season. He will issue a very attractive advertising programme.

THE BIRTH OF A BABY-ELEPHANT.—In our issue of Feb. 17 there was published, upon the authority of a Philadelphia correspondent, a statement that an elephant of Forepaugh's show gave birth to a baby-elephant early on the morning of Feb. 1, together with a description of the "infant." In our following iss

TERMS.

Single copy 10 cents. Per annum $4.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

REDUCTION IN RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.—On Jan. 1, 1877, the rate of subscription to THE CLIPPER was reduced to $4 per annum, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books will be extended in conformity with these rates.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

ALMANAC

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

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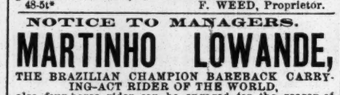

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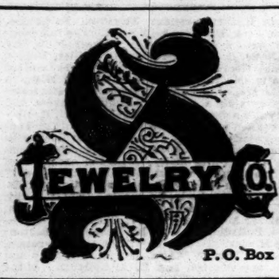

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